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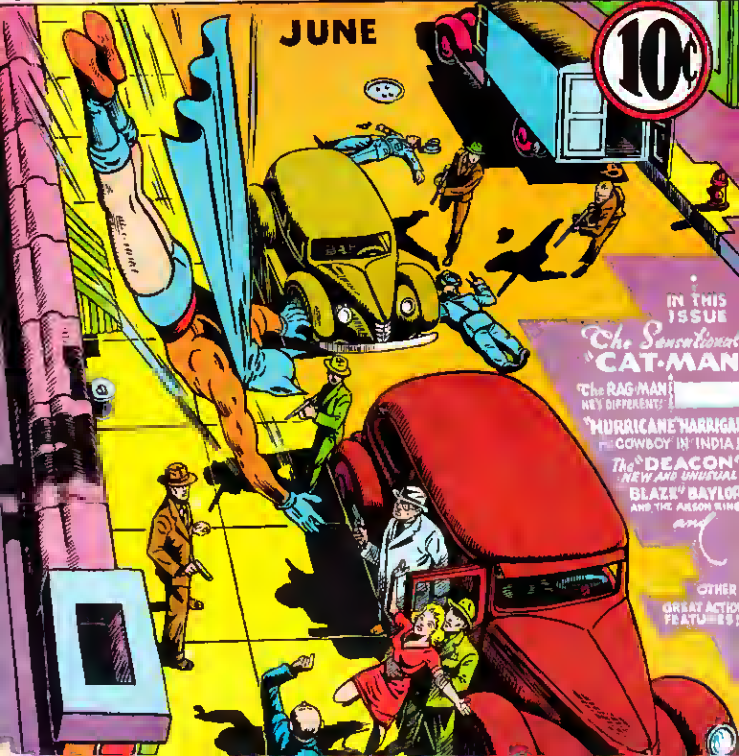
CAT-MAN

COMICS

America's Most Thrilling, Fast Action Adventure Stories!

JUNE

10¢



IN THIS
ISSUE

The Sensational
CAT-MAN

The RAG-MAN
HE'S DIFFERENT!

"HURRICANE" HARRIGAN
THE COWBOY IN INDIAN

The "DEACON"
NEW AND UNUSUAL
"BLAZE" BAYLOR
AND THE ALISON KING

and

OTHER
GREAT ACTION
FEATURES



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Thanks! Thanks! Thanks!

We received as much pleasure from the GLORIOUS RECEPTION you gave our FIRST ISSUE, as you did in reading it. Yes it's glorious to know that the magazine gave so many thousands of boys and girls the pleasure and thrill that they were looking for.

"TOP OF THE LOT" is what we promised and what you found in the sixty-four pages of adventure and thrill which made up the NUMBER ONE issue of the CAT-MAN, and we promise to continue giving you this "SENSATIONAL VALUE" in each coming issue. EVERY STORY A FEATURE and EVERY FEATURE A THRILL. Drama of LIFE and FANTASY, each one filled with action and surprise.

The "CAT-MAN" — "BLAZE BAYLOR" — "THE DEACON" — "HURRICANE HARRIGAN" — "DR. DIAMOND" — "LANCE RAND" — "THE RAG MAN" — "LUCKY LANDERS" — each one a STAR FEATURE, all gathered for your entertainment and prepared by artists happy to serve you and doubly happy in the KNOWLEDGE that OUR MAGAZINE in the best sense is your magazine.

Again we THANK you for the thrill you in turn have given us, in the wonderful reception you have given this magazine.

A Magazine of Features

AMAZING • INTERESTING • THRILLING

Fast Action Masterpieces of Adventure

TEN CENTS AT ALL NEWS STANDS TEN CENTS

The CAT-MAN

by
CHAS. M. GUINLAN

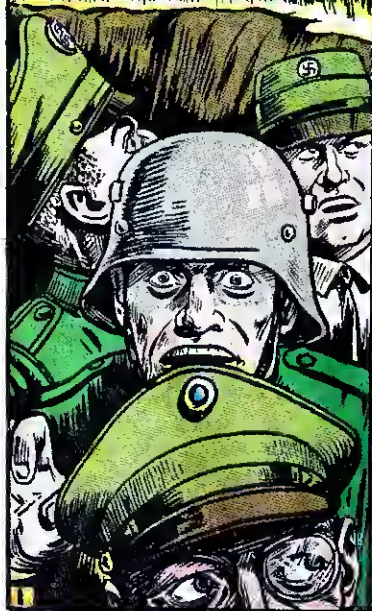


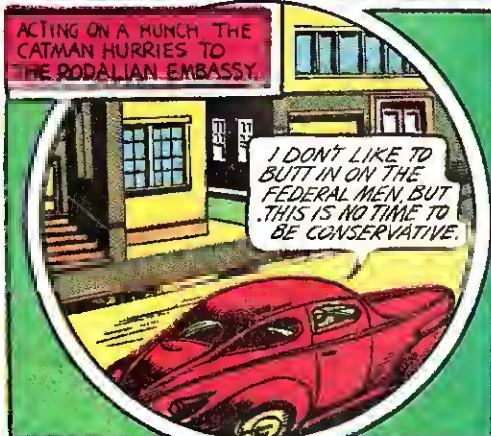
IGNORED AND LEFT TO DIE, BY BANDITS THAT ... HAVE DESTROYED THE CARAVAN OF HIS ADVENTUROUS PARENTS WHILE TRAVELLING IN BURMA, DAVID MERRYWETHER, PICKED UP BY A WANDERING TIGRESS AND RAISED AS HER OWN! BY CONSTANT ASSOCIATION, HE ACQUIRES ALL THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE CAT FAMILY! HE CAN SEE IN THE DARK, LEAP MANY TIMES HIS OWN LENGTH, CLIMB ANYTHING WITH AMAZING AGILITY, BUT MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL HE IS ENDOWED WITH THE FABULOUS NINE LIVES! DISPLEASED WITH THE CIVILIZED WORLD, HE VOWS TO DEVOTE HIS LIVES TO ELIMINATING EVIL! ATTIRED IN A WEIRD CAT-LIKE COSTUME, HIS DEEDS OF VALOR SOON MAKE HIM FAMOUS AS THE "CAT-MAN!"

DAVID MERRYWETHER, (THE CAT-MAN) WHILE LISTENING TO HIS RADIO, SUDDENLY HEARS A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.



WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR A NEWS FLASH OF INTERNATIONAL IMPORTANCE, THE HON. HENRI LAVARR, AMBASSADOR FROM RODALIA HAS DISAPPEARED, UNLESS HE IS FOUND WITHIN FORTY EIGHT HOURS SERIOUS REPERCUSSIONS ARE IMMINENT.





ALTHOUGH CAUGHT OFF GUARD, THE MEN
SUDDENLY LUNGE AT THE INTRUDING CATMAN!

GET HIM - HE'S
WISE TO US!



THE CATMAN QUICKLY REVIVES THE UNCONSCIOUS
MEN, BY SUDDENLY DOUSING THEM WITH WATER!



HE'S BEING HELD ON
CLEAROCK ISLAND, BUT EVEN
YOU CAN'T SAVE HIM, MR.
CATMAN! THE GUARDS
WILL KILL YOU THE MINUTE
YOU APPROACH THE PLACE.



CLEAROCK
ISLAND, EH?
AND YOU KNOW WHO I AM.
BUT I'LL BET YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO
DO WITH YOU, WHILE
I FIND OUT
IF YOU'RE
TELLING
THE TRUTH!



OH, WANT TO FIGHT, EH? O.K. IF YOU
WON'T STAND STILL - THEN LAY STILL!



AS THEY START TO SIT UP, HE DROPS DOWN BE-
SIDE THEM AND BUMPS THEIR HEADS SHARPLY!



NOW, GENTLEMEN, I'M GOIN'
TO KEEP THIS UP UNTIL YOU
TELL ME WHERE YOU HAVE
HIDDEN LA VARR -

NO! NO! DON'T!
WAIT - I'LL
TELL!

PICKING UP THE GUN, HE KEEPS
HIS PRISONERS COVERED
WHILE HE RIPS THE CORD
FROM THE WINDOW BLINDS!



NOW - INTO THAT CLOSET
AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS
UNLESS YOU WANT TO
GET VENTILATED!

HE TIES THE MEN TOGETHER, SECURELY!

NOW BOYS, IF YOU GET THIRSTY WHILE I'M GONE, "JUST TRY TO GET UP OFF THE FLOOR..."

... AND YOUR EFFORTS WILL CAUSE THIS WATER BOTTLE, TO FALL RIGHT ON YOUR HEADS!

NOW, YOU WILL EXCUSE ME GENTLEMEN, BUT I MUST MAKE AN IMPORTANT PHONE CALL! HELLO OPERATOR GET ME THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, HEADQUARTERS!

HELLO, F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS? I HAVE INFORMATION ABOUT THE RODALIAN AMBASSADOR! KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED AND I WILL DELIVER HIM IN PLENTY OF TIME TO AVERT A WAR!

HELLO-HELLO! WHO'S CALLING?? WHO? THE CATMAN! HELLO, OPERATOR QUICK! TRACE THAT CALL!

REMOVING HIS MASK THE CATMAN LOCKS THE DOORS AND DRIVES SWIFTLY TO THE WATERFRONT!

BOATS FOR HIRE

HOWDY SKIPPER, I'D LIKE TO HIRE THE FASTEST SPEED-BOAT YOU HAVE... I'LL LEAVE MY CAR AS SECURITY...

O.K. MISTER \$2.00 AN HOUR YOU SUPPLY THE GAS AND OIL!

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, THE CATMAN IS SKIMMING AWAY TOWARD CLEAR ROCK ISLAND!

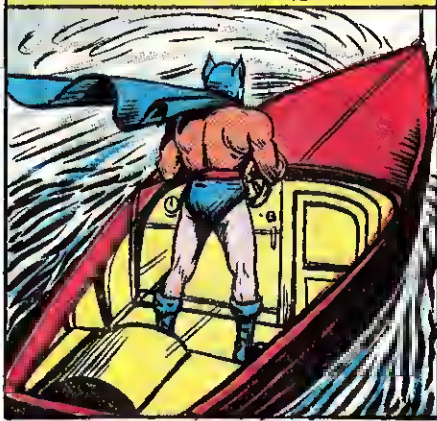
THERE IT IS! CLEAR-ROCK ISLAND. WHAT A PLACE TO HIDE! NO WONDER THE G-MEN WERE LICKED!



IF I'M GOING TO GO ON THAT ISLAND I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THOSE GUARDS ARE POSTED!



QUICKLY CHANGING TO HIS CATMAN COSTUME, HE RACES THE SPEEDBOAT STRAIGHT FOR THE ISLAND...



ON THE ISLAND.

THE GUARDS HAVE ALREADY SIGHTED THE CAT-MAN!

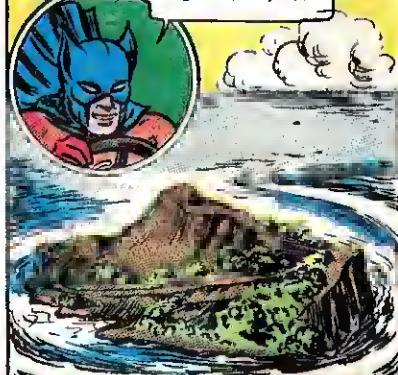
HE'S NOT ONE OF OUR MEN. WAIT 'TIL HE GETS IN CLOSER...



AS THE SPEED-BOAT GETS WITHIN RANGE THE MEN SUDDENLY OPEN FIRE...



OH BOY! I FOUND THAT ONE NOW TO LOCATE THE REST OF THEM!



AND THE CATMAN SENDS THE FLEET SPEED-BOAT SCUDDING WILDLY AROUND THE TINY ISLAND... AS HE PASSES, EACH OUTPOST STARTS FIRING

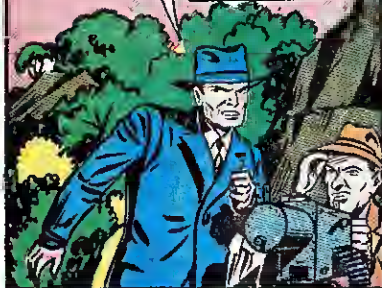
OH 'OH! THE ONLY PLACE THAT'S NOT GUARDED IS THAT HIGH CLIFF WALL! NOW TO LOCK THIS STEERING WHEEL WHILE I VISIT THE ISLAND -



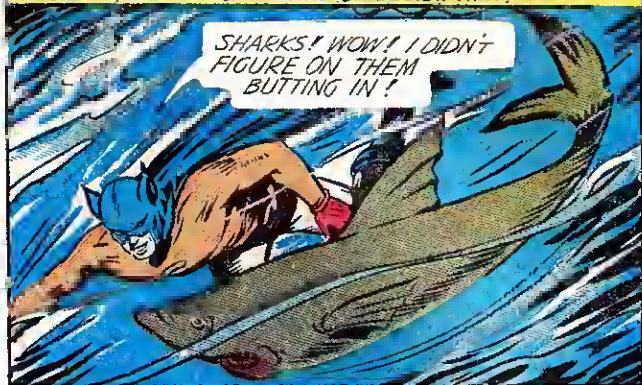
AS THE GUARDS NEAREST THE SHEER WALL OF ROCK START FIRING! THE CAT-MAN MAKES A SUDDEN BACKDIVE OVERBOARD!



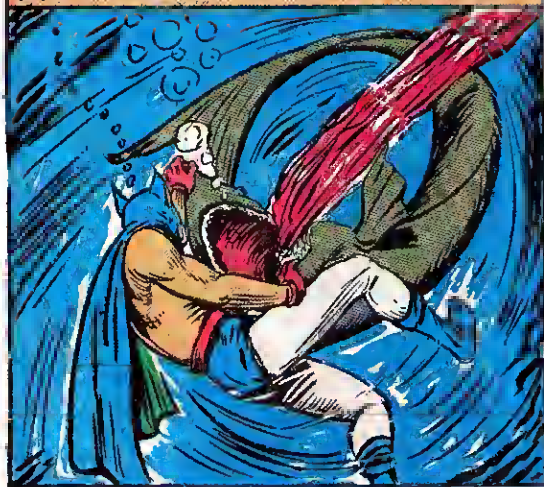
LOOK! HE'S HIT! WE
GOT HIM! AND THE
SHARKS OUT THERE WILL
FINISH HIM SURE; IF WE
DIDN'T!



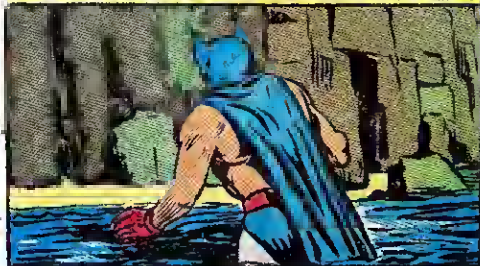
... THE CAT-MAN SWIMS SWIFTLY UNDER WATER, SUDDENLY
A SLEEK, GREY BODY LOOMS UP BESIDE HIM!



AS THE SHARK ATTACKS, THE CAT-MAN GRABS
HIM BY THE UPPER AND LOWER JAWS AND ALMOST
RIPS THE BIG FISH IN TWO



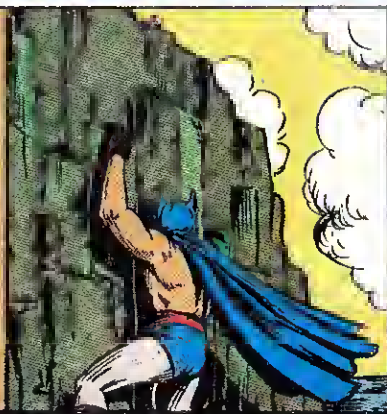
THEN SWIMMING AT GREAT SPEED, HE SOON
EMERGES FROM THE WATER AT THE BASE OF THE CLIFF



BOY! THIS SURE IS A
SLICK ONE, BUT I GUESS
I CAN MAKE IT.



SUITING
THE ACTION
TO THE WORD,
THE
CATMAN
IMMEDIATELY
STARTS
CLIMBING
THE FACE
OF THE
TREACHEROUS
CLIFF.



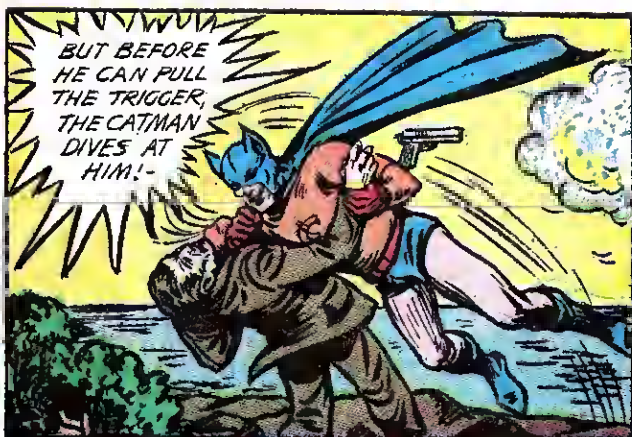
BUT A LOOKOUT ON THE SUMMIT, SILENTLY
WAITS FOR THE UNSUSPECTING CAT-MAN.



AS THE CATMAN PULLS HIMSELF SAFELY OVER THE TOP...



NICE CLIMBING, CAT MAN! O.K. GET YOUR HANDS UP! QUICK!



BUT BEFORE HE CAN PULL THE TRIGGER, THE CATMAN DIVES AT HIM! -

AND WITH A SUDDEN JERK, HE THROWS THE MURDEROUS LOOKOUT OVER THE CLIFF!



YAA-A-A-A-A

THAT HOUSE! THAT MUST BE WHERE THEY'RE HOLDING LA VARR



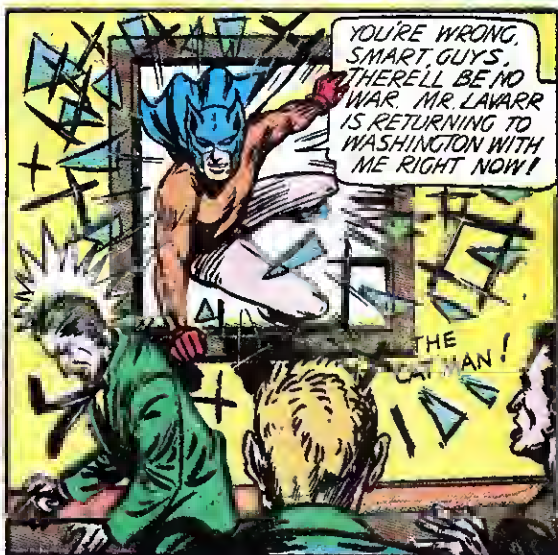
THEN THE CAT-MAN DASHES SWIFTLY TOWARD IT!



AT THAT MOMENT INSIDE THE HOUSE - -



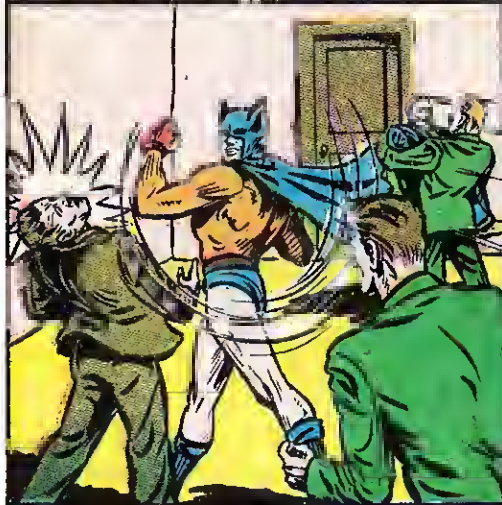
IN A FEW HOURS MORE WAR WILL BE OFFICIALLY DECLARED AND THEN, MR. LAVARR, WE DON'T CARE WHERE YOU GO - HA HA HA HA -



YOU'RE WRONG, SMART GUYS, THERE'LL BE NO WAR. MR. LAVARR IS RETURNING TO WASHINGTON WITH ME RIGHT NOW!

THE CAT-MAN!

AS THE CATMAN BATTERS THE ABDUCTORS INTO SUBMISSION



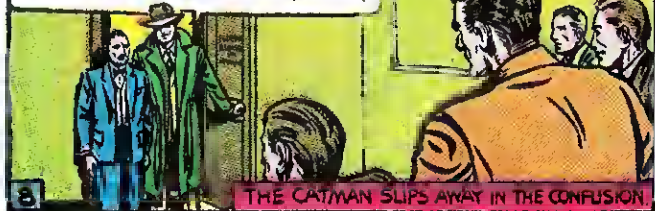
THEN IN A RAIN OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE THE CATMAN, WITH LAVARR IN HIS ARMS, LEAPS OFF THE CLIFF INTO THE SEA! . . .



RESUMING HIS CIVILIAN GARB- THE CAT-MAN QUICKLY RETURNS LAVARR TO F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS

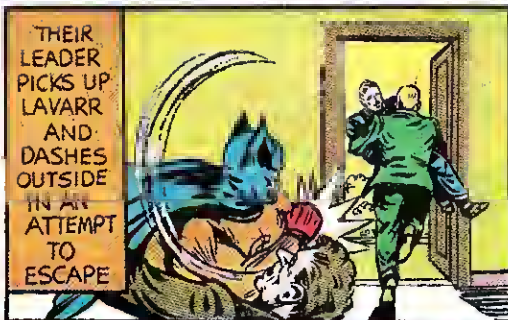
MY NAME IS MERRYWETHER. I FOUND THIS MAN WANDERING AROUND ON THE WATERFRONT. SAYS HE'S THE RODALIAN AMBASSADOR.

SURE IT IS! IT'S HIM! HE'S SAFE! THE WAR IS AVERTED - NOTIFY THE NEWSPAPERS! CALL THE PRESIDENT! HURRY!

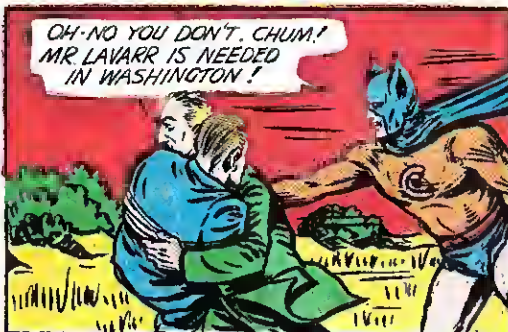


THE CATMAN SLIPS AWAY IN THE CONFUSION.

THEIR LEADER PICKS UP LAVARR AND DASHES OUTSIDE IN AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE



OH-NO YOU DON'T, CHUM! MR LAVARR IS NEEDED IN WASHINGTON!



AND SWIMS OUT TO HIS CIRCLING SPEEDBOAT!



ALL ABOARD FOR WASHINGTON D.C. AND THE END OF A WAR SCARE.

AN HOUR LATER

EXTRA! EXTRA! MISSING DIPLOMAT FOUND! PAPER, MISTER?

YES BUD, I'LL TAKE ONE. I WANT TO SEE HOW HE WAS RESCUED!



"SO LONG, I'LL BE SEEN' YOU!" IN THE NEXT THRILL-PACKED ISSUE OF **CATMAN** COMICS



THE DEACON

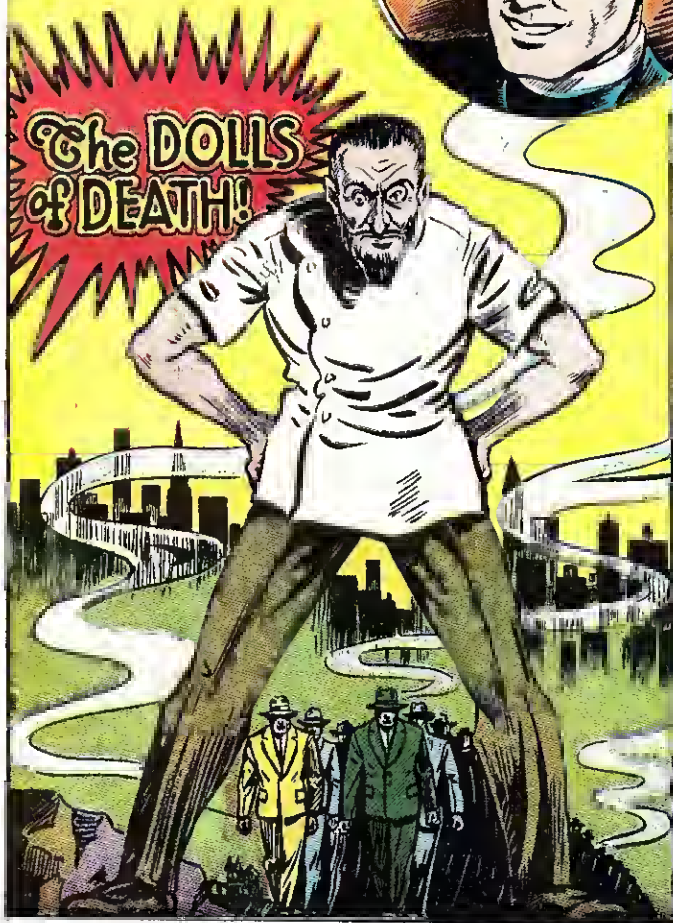
WITH THE AID OF "MICKEY, HIS FAITHFUL YOUNG COMPANION, THE MYSTERIOUS "DEACON" CONTINUES HIS WAR ON CRIME!



by ALDEN REMUL

ILLUSTRATIONS... BY C.M. QUINLAN

**The DOLLS
of DEATH!**

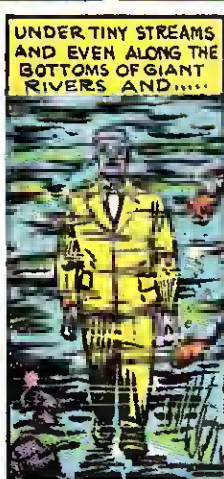
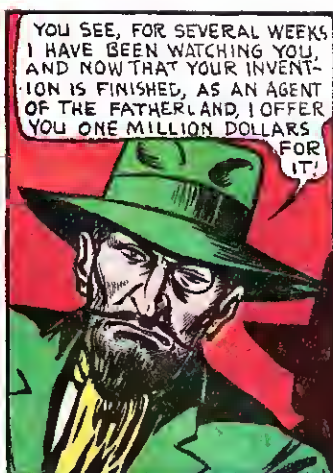


HIGH ABOVE THE CITY OF COAST TOWN STANDS THE KEILMAN MANSION, HOME OF THE GREAT INVENTOR... ABNER VON KEILMAN.

IN HIS HUGE LABORATORY VON KEILMAN PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS LATEST INVENTION...

AH AT LAST I HAVE ACHIEVED MY GREATEST SUCCESS, A DOLL OPERATED BY REMOTE CONTROL... JUST THINK, AN ARMY OF THESE COULD WIPE OUT AN ENTIRE CITY!





REACHING ITS OBJECTIVE THE DOLL
HURLS ITSELF THRU A WINDOW
INTO THE BUILDING!



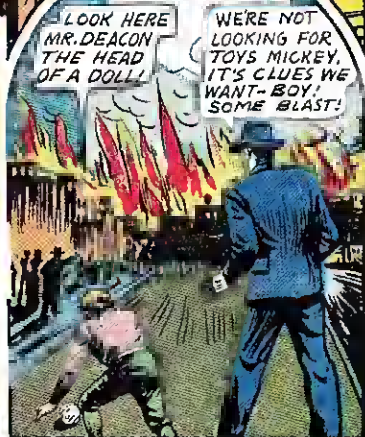
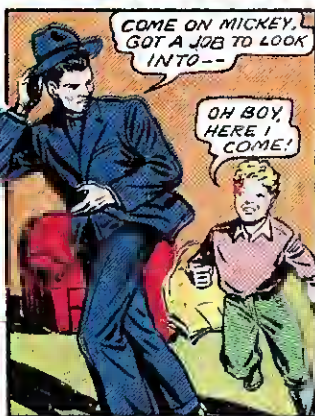
THEN WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE
ENTIRE FACTORY IS BLASTED TO BITS!



MEANWHILE AT THE OLD MARSHLAND
CHURCH, HOME OF THE "DEACON"



WOW!
THIS LOOKS
LIKE SOME
THING BIG!



I'LL BET THIS IS A CLUE MR.
DEACON, I'LL BET THIS DOLL
HEAD, HAD SOMETHING TO
DO WITH THAT EXPLOSION!

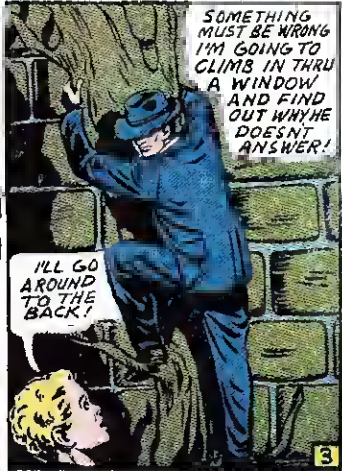
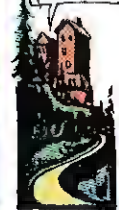


BY JUPITER! I THINK
YOUR RIGHT! THIS IS NO
ORDINARY DOLL, IT SEEMS
TO BE MECHANICAL!
COME ON MICKEY, I HAVE
A FRIEND ABNER VAN KEIL
MAN, AN INVENTOR. HE MAY
HELP US!



AN HOUR
LATER AT
THE INVENTOR'S
MANSSION!

GEE, THATS
FUHNY --
WE'VE BEEN
RINGING FOR
TEN MINUTES
AND NO ONE
ANSWERS!

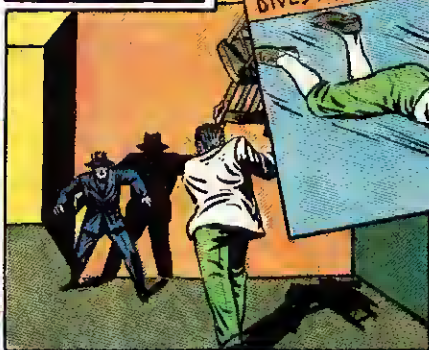




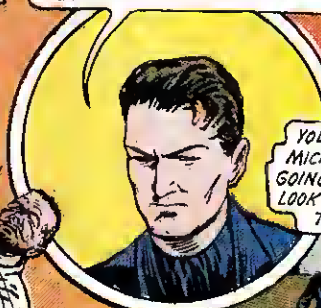
SAY WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? YOU'RE NOT VON KEILMAN!



GRASPING A CHAIR THE KILLER RUSHES AT THE DEACON!



THIS MAN IS MAD, I WONDER WHAT HE'S DONE WITH HIS BROTHER





YEP! MICKEY WAS RIGHT! THAT DOLL-HEAD HE FOUND IS JUST LIKE THESE! THEY ARE BOMBS! ROBOT BOMBS! VON KILMAN'S BROTHER MUST BE A MADMAN!!

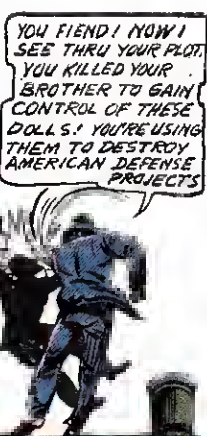


YOU THINK SO EH? MISTER, WELL YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL IT!



HEY! WHERE'S MICKEY? WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?

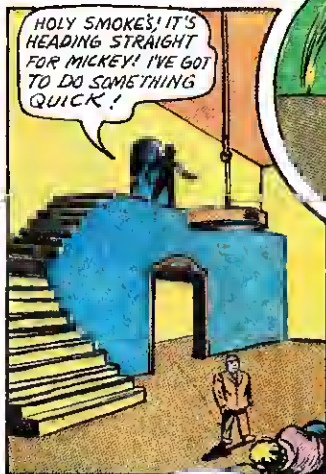
WHY WORRY? IN A FEW SECONDS, ONE OF MY TOYS WILL BLOW THIS HOUSE TO PIECES AND US TOO HA-HA-HA.



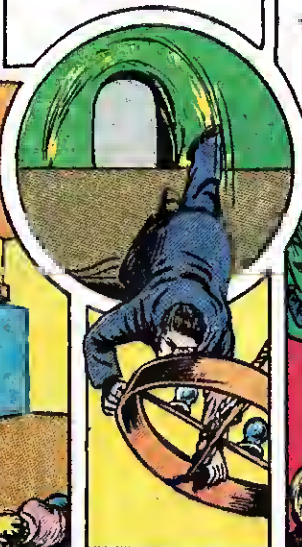
YOU FIEND! NOW I SEE THRU YOUR PLOT. YOU KILLED YOUR BROTHER TO GAIN CONTROL OF THESE DOLLS! YOU'RE USING THEM TO DESTROY AMERICAN DEFENSE PROJECTS



I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT DOLL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



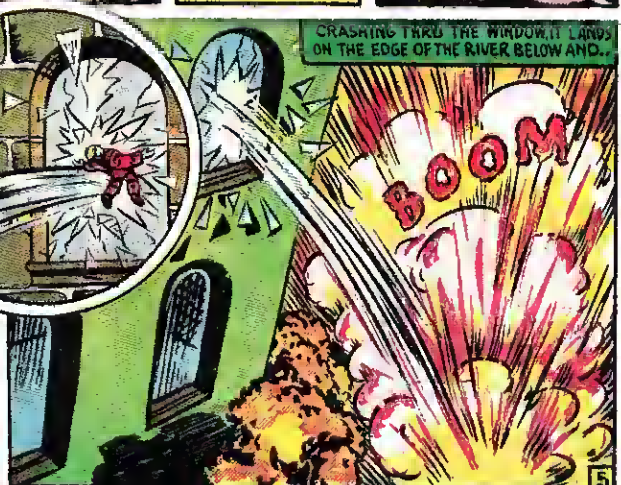
HOLY SMOKE'S! IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR MICKEY! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING QUICK!



WITH THE AGILITY OF A TRAINED ACROBAT, THE DEACON SWINGS NIMBLY ACROSS THE ROOM!

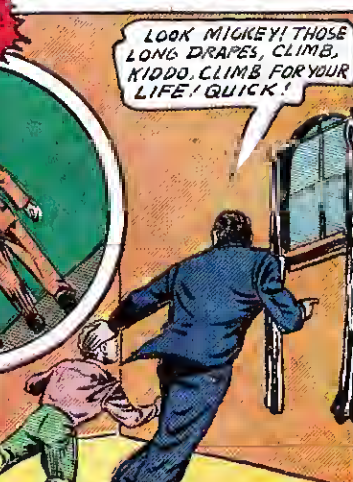


...AND WITH PERFECT AIM AND TIMING HITS THE DEATH DOLL WITH TERRIFIC FORCE!



CRASHING THRU THE WINDOW, IT LANDS ON THE EDGE OF THE RIVER BELOW AND...

BOOM



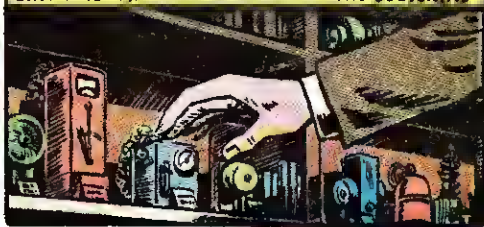


...WHEN "SMOKEY" BAYLOR, THE FAMOUS FIRE CHIEF IS ACCIDENTLY KILLED IN AN INCENDIARY FIRE, HIS SON, "BLAZE," VOWS VENGEANCE ON ALL WHO PROFIT BY THE CRIME OF ARSON! HIS FEARLESS CRUSADE HAS MADE THIS ENDEAVOR A VERY PRECARIOUS BUSINESS!

A GROUP OF PROSPEROUS MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS ARE ATTENDING A DEMONSTRATION AT "BLAZE'S" HOME.

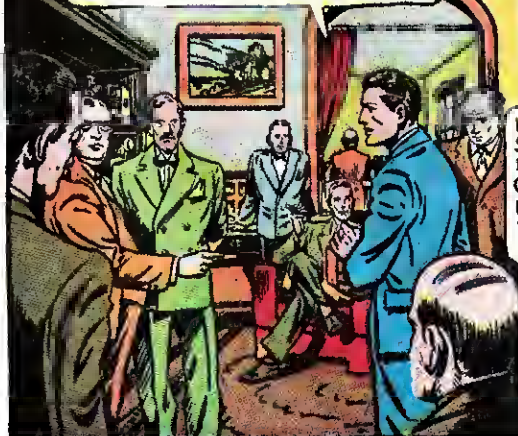
... AND IN CONCLUSION GENTLEMEN, LET ME REMIND YOU THAT EVERY INCENDIARY BOMB IS A TOY OF THE DEVIL, MURDEROUS, DESTRUCTIVE AND BESTIAL! ... AND IN THE COURSE OF MY CAREER, I EXPECT TO ADD MANY MORE OF THESE SOUVENIRS TO MY ALREADY EXTENSIVE COLLECTION...

AS "BLAZE" IS SPEAKING, A HAND STEALTHILY REACHES INTO THE CASE CONTAINING THE SOUVENIRS



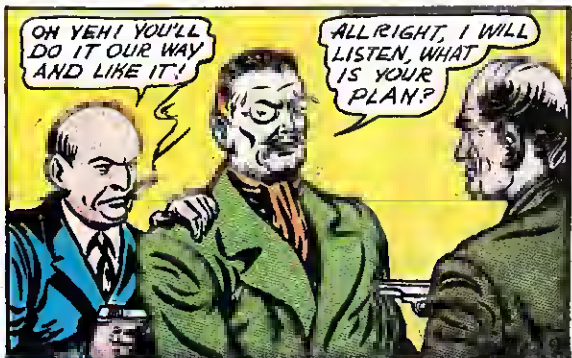
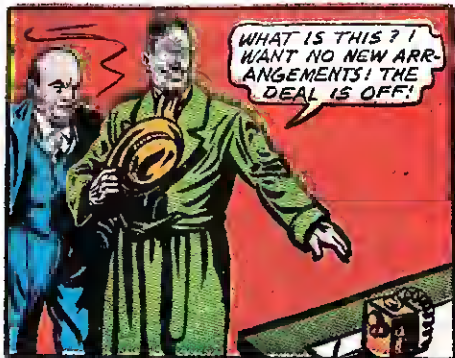
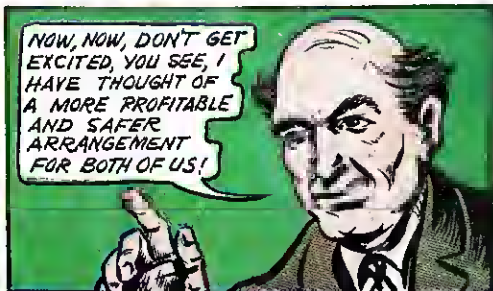
"LATER -- "BLAZE" DISCOVERS HIS LOSS.

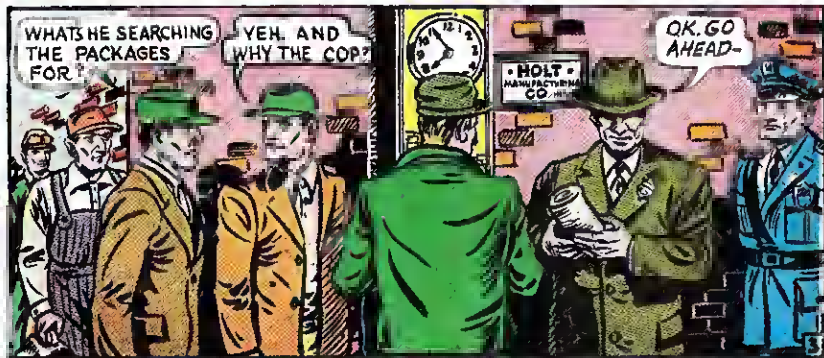
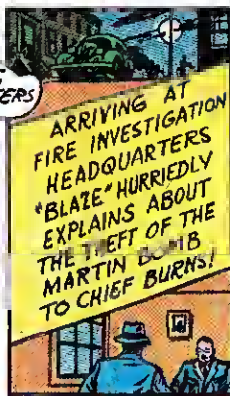
HEY! WHAT'S THIS? SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE MISSING HERE! OH-OH THE MARTIN BOMB! NOW WHAT WOULD ANYONE WANT WITH THAT? ..UNLESS...





MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...
THE MISSING MACHINE COMES TO LIGHT!

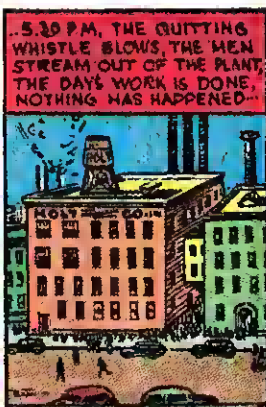






THE GOVERNMENT NEEDS THESE PLANTS TO FILL THEIR DEFENSE ORDERS. WE GOT TO WATCH 'EM LIKE A HAWK. WE'LL NOTHING GOT PAST US I'LL BET-

YOU SAID IT, 'SARGE'



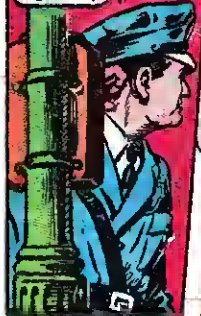
...5:30 P.M., THE QUITTING WHISTLE BLOWS, THE MEN STREAM OUT OF THE PLANT. THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE, NOTHING HAS HAPPENED--

...WHEN SUDDENLY! THERE IS AN OMINOUS RUMBLE! THE GROUND TREMBLES THEN A SHARP EXPLOSION AND SMOKE AND FLAME POUR FROM THE LOWER FLOORS!



AS THE MAN FROM FIRE INVESTIGATION HEADQUARTERS CALLS HIS CHIEF, THE OFFICER TURNS IN THE ALARM!

GOOD LORD! IF THEY DON'T GET HERE IN A HURRY, SHE'S A GONER!



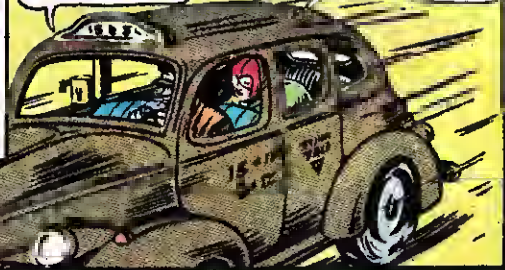
THE HOLT PLANT CHIEF, THERE WAS A SUDDEN EXPLOSION IN THE BASEMENT NOW IT'S GOIN' LIKE A BLOWTORCH



THE PHONE CALL IS AUTOMATICALLY RELAYED TO 'BLAZE'S HOME!

THE HOLT PLANT, EN 'BLAZE? HANG ON WE'LL BE THERE IN TWO MINUTES FLAT!

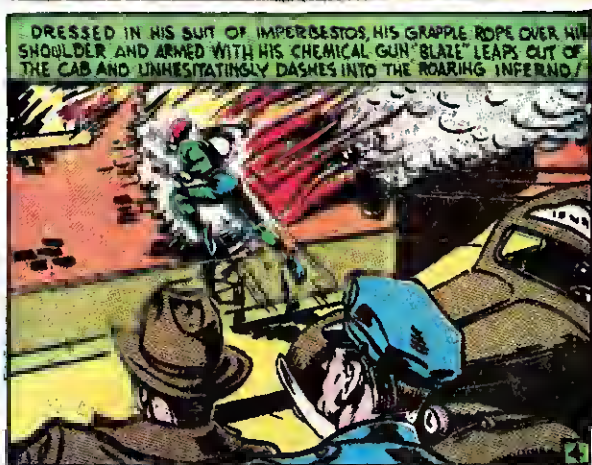
IT'S LUCKY I WAS EXPECTING SOMETHING LIKE THIS AND HAD YOU STICK AROUND ALL DAY, EN 'CHUCK!



WITHIN TWO MINUTES, AS HE PREDICTED, 'CHUCK' (THE TAXIMAN, FORMER RACING CAR DRIVER AND FIRM FRIEND OF HIS FAVORITE PASSENGER, 'BLAZE' BAYLOR) ARRIVES AT THE DISASTER, JUST AS THE SIRENS OF THE FIRE ENGINES BECOME AUDIBLE IN THE DISTANCE!



THAT'S 'BLAZE' BAYLOR IN 'CHUCK'S' CAB! WHOO! THEY MUST HAVE FLEW HERE!



DRESSED IN HIS SUIT OF IMPERBESTOS, HIS GRAPPLE ROPE OVER HIS SHOULDER AND ARMED WITH HIS CHEMICAL GUN, 'BLAZE' LEAPS OUT OF THE CAB AND UNHESITATINGLY DASHES INTO THE ROARING INFERNO!

WITH THE FLAMES CRACKLING ALL ABOUT HIM AND HIS CHEMICAL GUN CUTTING A PATH AHEAD--



"BLAZE" SEARCHES FOR THE "HOT SPOT!"



IT MUST BE JUST AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!

★ THE PLACE WHERE THE FIRE STARTS

OH-OH, THERE'S THE GULPIT!... WHY, IT'S THE MARTIN BOMB! HOLT MUST HAVE STOLEN IT!

GEE WHIZ! I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE HE WOULD DO A THING LIKE THIS!



.... THEN RACES TOWARDS THE EXIT..... MEANWHILE THE FIRE APPARATUS HAS ARRIVED AND ARE BUSILY FIGHTING THE FLAMES!

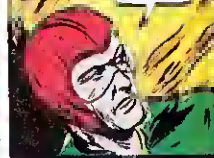


"BLAZE" QUICKLY RETRIEVES HIS STOLEN BOMB!



NOW TO SCRAM OUT OF HERE AND ARREST MR. HOLT--

SUDDENLY! "BLAZE" STOPS SHORT
WHAT'S THAT?



QUICKLY RETRACING HIS STEPS, "BLAZE" LOCATES THE VICTIM!

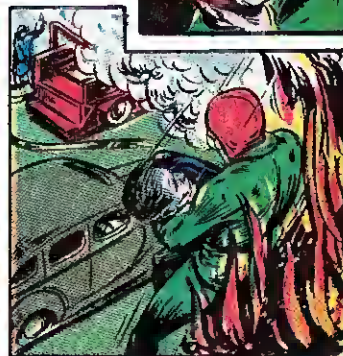


GOLLY, THIS POOR GUY MUST HAVE BEEN WORKING OVERTIME, WHEN THE BOMB WENT OFF AND GOT HIM-- OR SAY! MAYBE THIS GUY-- GEE NOT DEAD!

--- A FEEBLE CRY COMES FROM SOMEWHERE BEHIND HIM



HELP! HELP! GET ME OUT OF HERE! HELLO--



HOSPITAL "CHUCK" STEP ON IT!



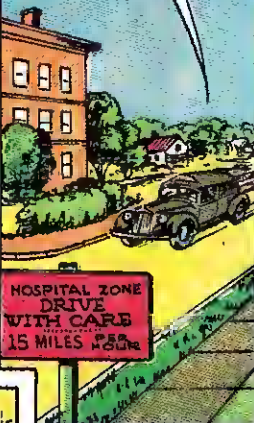
"CHUCK'S WILD DRIVING JOUNCES THE INJURED MAN INTO A SEMI-CONSCIOUS STATE AND HE STARTS TO MUMBLE:"

DAT DIRTY CHISELER, I'LL GET HIM FOR DIS! MAKIN' A SUCKER OUT OF ME EH? FIXIN' DE BOMB TO GET ME TOO, EH! O.K. MR. GARON, I'LL SHOW YOU, RIGHT IN DE HANG-OUT UNDER YOUR OWN FACTORY, I KNEW! YOU WERE A SELL OUT! SOLD OUT TO DAT NAZI!

WHAT'S THIS?



"CHUCK"! THIS GUY SET OFF THE BOMB, HE'S DELIRIOUS AND JUST SPILLED THE BEANS! AS SOON AS WE DROP HIM, HEAD FOR GARON'S PLACE, THAT'S THE HANGOUT!

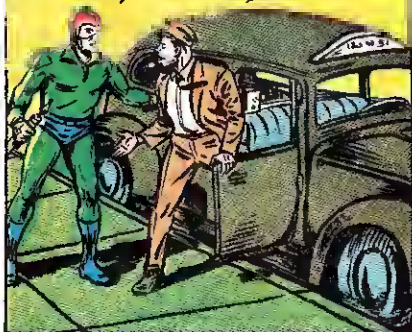


TRAVELLING AT BREAKNECK SPEED... "CHUCK" PILOTS HIS CAB TO GARON'S PLACE WITHIN A FEW MINUTES

"HERE WE ARE BLAZE!"
GEE, CAN I GO IN WITH YOU?

SURE "CHUCK" THEY MAY PUT UP A FIGHT, AND I'LL NEED YOU!

A FIGHT? OH BOY!



LISTENING OUTSIDE OF THE DOOR, "BLAZE" & "CHUCK" HEAR GARON TALKING

BOYS, THAT HOLT PLANT IS BURNING LIKE PAPER, NOT BAD EH? FIVE GRAND, JUST FOR PLANTIN' A BOMB! HEH-HEH



THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST

IT'S BAYLOR! GET HIM!!



OH! EXCUSE ME CHUM, I BROKE YOUR CIGAR!



ATTA BOY "CHUCK"! DISH IT OUT!



THE GANG IS QUICKLY SUBDUED!

HELLO, CHIEF, "BLAZE" TALKING, I'M AT GARON'S FACTORY, "CHUCK" IS GUARDING GARON AND HIS GANG. THEY STARTED THE FIRE AT HOLT'S PLANT! SEND THE WAGON!



YES CHIEF, IT WAS GARON THAT STOLE THE BOMB AND HAD IT PLANTED IN HOLT'S PLACE TO MAKE IT APPEAR AS THOUGH HOLT WERE GUILTY... IT WOULD HAVE WORKED TOO, IF HE HADN'T SET THE BOMB TO FIRE PREMATURELY SO THAT IT WOULD KILL HIS OWN MAN AND ELIMINATE ANY PROOF AGAINST HIM!



...BUT "BLAZE" DOESN'T KNOW HOW BIG THIS CASE REALLY IS!... WATCH AND SEE! IN THE NEXT SPECTACULAR CAT-MAN COMICS

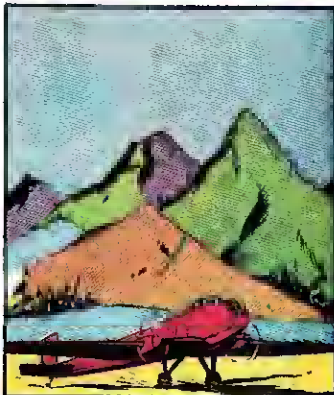
DR.



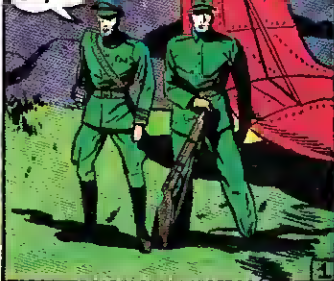
ANDY ULLMER

ENDOWED WITH STRANGE SUPERNATURAL POWERS BY A MYSTERIOUS MAN, ON A FAR AWAY ISLAND, DR. DIAMOND, A YOUNG AMERICAN SURGEON, DEDICATES HIS LIFE TO FIGHT CRIME

LATE ONE AFTERNOON HIGH UP IN A WESTERN MOUNTAIN RANGE... A HUGE PLANE CIRCLES FOR A LANDING...



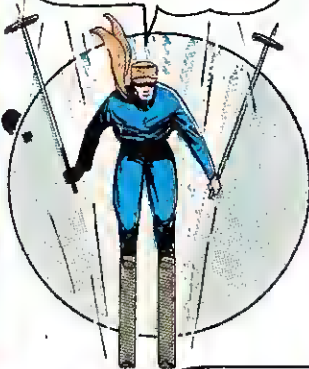
YA! THIS IS PERFECT... NOT A BUILDING WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES! WE MUST SEND WORD FOR THE OTHERS TO JOIN US!



MEANWHILE, UN NOTICED TO THE INVADERS, A LONE FIGURE ON SKIS WATCHES THE GIANT BOMBER.



THAT PLANE LOOKS LIKE A BOMBER... MAYBE THEY'VE LOST THEIR COURSE, I'LL SEE IF I CAN BE OF ANY HELP!



HI, THERE, HAVING TROUBLE?

CAPTAIN, LOOK!

ACH! WHAT LUCK... WE MAY HAVE TO CHANGE OUR PLANS!



HEY WHAT IS THIS? WHY ARE YOU POINTING THAT GUN AT ME? I... I JUST THOUGHT YOU WERE LOST!



YOU FOOL! YOU HAVE RUINED MY PLANS! I WILL BE FORCED TO DO AWAY WITH YOU



BUT.. BUT.. OH.. OH.. YOU.. YOU'RE NOT AMERICAN SOLDIERS YOU.. YOU ARE SPIES

QUITE TRUE! QUITE TRUE!



I.. I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! I.. I MUST WARN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.. I.. I.. NO.. NO.. DON'T SHOOT DON'T..



IT IS TOO BAD I HAD TO KILL THE AMERICAN, BUT WE MUST SERVE OUR FATHERLAND AS THE FUHRER ORDERS US... DEATH TO OTHERS OR DEATH TO OURSELVES!



LATER THAT DAY, TWO MORE BOMBERS JOIN THEIR LEADER...

WELL, CAPTAIN, WE ARE READY TO START, WE HAVE THREE PLANES WHICH WILL BE SUFFICIENT TO DO OUR JOB. WE'VE GOT TO TAKE MEXICO WITHIN TWO DAYS.



THIS MOUNTAIN RANGE WILL BE OUR HIDEOUT UNTIL WE CAPTURE MEXICO. TONIGHT, WE'LL FLY ACROSS THE BORDER, AND BOMB EVERY CITY AND VILLAGE IN OUR PATH. WE'LL THEN FLY BACK TO THIS MOUNTAIN WHERE NO ONE WILL EVER DREAM OF LOOKING FOR US!



THAT NIGHT FROM THEIR SECRET LANDING FIELD, THE HUGE BLACK BOMBERS CLIMBED INTO THE STRATOSPHERE AND NOSED TOWARDS MEXICO



MEANWHILE ON THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS A SKI PARTY IS ON ITS WAY HOME AND DISCOVERS...

LOOK! A MAN LYING IN THE SNOW! C'MON HE MAY BE HURT!



HE WAS SHOT! LISTEN! HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING...

ENEMY BOMBERS
... INVADE ...
... MEXICO ...



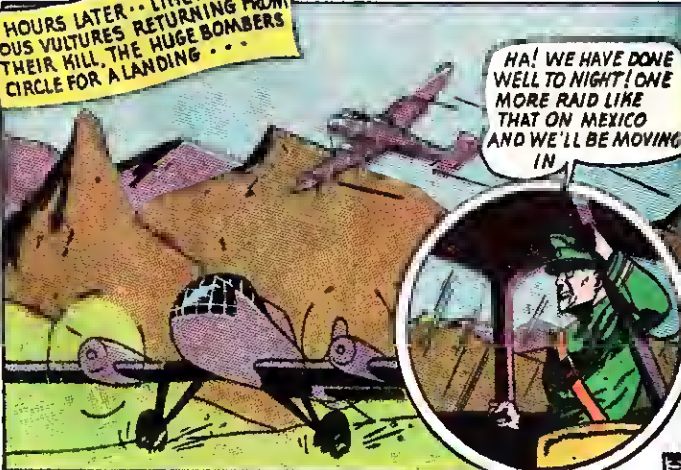
QUICK! MEN! GET HIM BACK TO THE SKI RESORT ... I'LL STAY AND FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.



THIS IS A SERIOUS MATTER. IF WHAT THAT POOR CHAP SAID IS TRUE, SOMEONE IS TRYING TO INVADE MEXICO ... HMM ... THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR DR. DIAMOND. IT'S LUCKY I CAME ON THIS SKI PARTY.

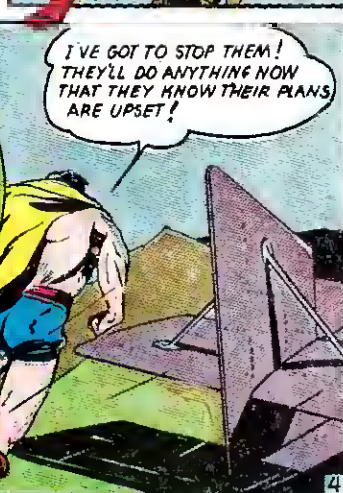
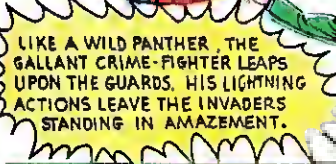


HOURS LATER... LIKE MONSTEROUS VULTURES RETURNING FROM THEIR KILL, THE HUGE BOMBERS CIRCLE FOR A LANDING ...

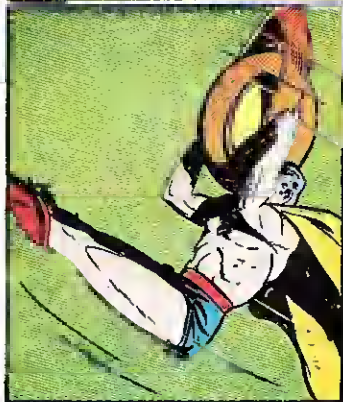


HA! WE HAVE DONE WELL TO NIGHT! ONE MORE RAID LIKE THAT ON MEXICO AND WE'LL BE MOVING IN





AS THE BOMBER TAKES OFF FROM THE GROUND, DR. DIAMOND LEAPS ONTO THE LANDING GEARS!



WHILE INSIDE THE PLANE

ACH! IT IS TOO BAD THAT WE MUST LEAVE CAPTAIN FRIEDRITZ, BUT THAT MAN, ACH! HE IS WORSE THAN AN ARMY!



GOOD EVENING, BOYS! MIND IF I COME IN?

YOU! HOW....? I-I THOUGHT.



HA! YOU ARE A VERY BRAVE MAN, BUT I THINK YOU HAVE REACHED THE END OF YOUR ROPE! QUICK- LOOK BEHIND YOU!



WHAT! WH.... THERE'S NOTHING THERE!



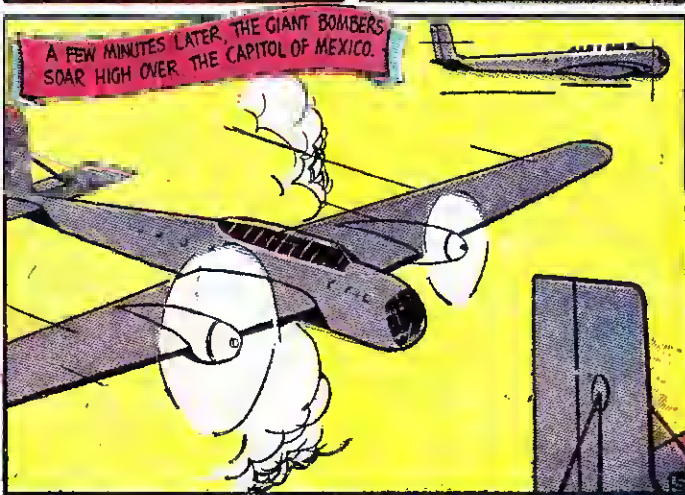
OF COURSE NOT- YOU FOOL! I THOUGHT YOU MORE CLEVER!



WELL, THAT SHOULD HOLD HIM! BACK TO YOUR POSTS, MEN. WE'LL SOON BE OVER MEXICO CITY! HEH! HEH, WE'LL SHOW THESE FOOLS THAT OUR FUERHER, MEANS BUSINESS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE GIANT BOMBERS SOAR HIGH OVER THE CAPITOL OF MEXICO.



INSIDE THE PLANE, THE CAPTAIN
SHOUTS HIS ORDERS....

STAND BY TO RELEASE
BOMBS!

MEANWHILE, DR. DIAMOND,
WHO HAS GAINED
CONSCIOUSNESS, LEAPS
INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.

OUT OF THE WAY I'M
GOING TO PUT AN
END TO THIS, ONCE
AND FOR ALL!

WITH HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH, HE
CRASHES INTO THE CONTROL
BOARD.

OUT OF CONTROL, THE BOMBER NOSES
INTO A DIVE... AND WITH TERRIFIC
SPEED, HEADS DOWN TOWARDS THE
OTHER PLANE!

HIMMEL! WE ARE
GOING TO CRASH INTO
THE OTHER PLANE.

AND BEFORE THE STARTLED INVADERS CAN
FOLLOW, THE GIANT BOMBERS CRASH!

WITHOUT HESITATION, DR. DIAMOND
RIPS A PARACHUTE FROM ITS RACK
AND LEAPS OUT OF THE PLANE INTO
SPACE!

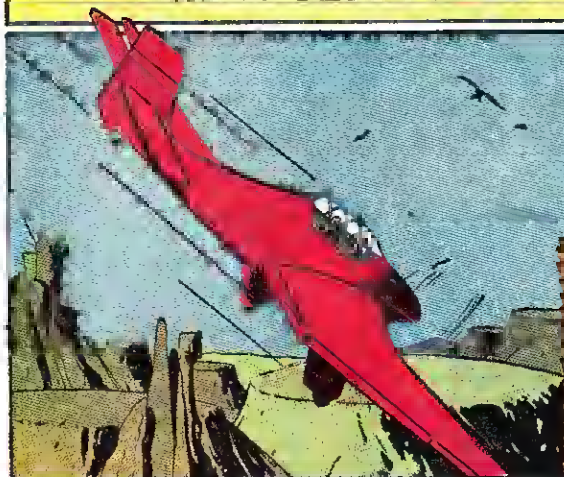
WELL, THAT ENDS ANOTHER WILD PLOT
OF A MAD DICTATOR. THEY WERE
PROBABLY TRYING TO TAKE MEXICO
WITH THE INTENTIONS OF BUILDING
UP A MIGHTY ARMY AND SOMEDAY
USING IT TO INVADE AMERICA!

THEIR GREED FOR CONQUEST IS SO
POWERFUL THAT THEY NEVER STOP TO
REALIZE HOW QUICKLY THEIR MOST
WELL LAID PLANS CAN BE SMASHED!

'CHUTE' HARMON

AND THE FLYING LEGION

by RAY WILLNER



HIGH ON AN UNKNOWN MESA SOMEWHERE IN THE WEST IS THE BASE OF THE FAMED FLYING LEGION. LED BY 'CHUTE HARMON, FAMOUS TEST PILOT, AND STUNT-FLYER, THEIR AMAZING FEATS OF DARING BRING THEM THE APPLAUSE OF AN ADMIRING WORLD. THE FLYING LEGION GIVES AID TO THOSE IN DISTRESS AND KEEPS VIGIL OVER AMERICA'S LONELY BORDERS.

THAT'S 'CHUTE, ALRIGHT! "WOLF" LOOK AT THAT BOY GO! EVERYTIME HE COMES IN ON ONE OF HIS POWER-DIVE LANDINGS, I GET TH' JUMPIN' JITTERS!



HOME AGAIN! I SEE 'SLIP' HAS THE DOORS TO THE UNDERGROUND HANGAR OPEN. I THINK I'LL CUT A CAPER OR TWO JUST TO LET THE BOYS KNOW ITS ME!



... TO BRING YOU THE LATEST NEWS... A SCORE OF LIVES ARE THREATENED IN A FIRE RAGING AROUND THE LITTLE MINING TOWN OF RED CREEK...



IN THE RADIO CONTROL ROOM.

EMERGENCY CALL! COME TO THE RADIO ROOM AT ONCE!



C'MON, PALS. TAKE IT ON THE DOUBLE!

RIGHT!



THESE UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE ARE LOST! NO HELP OF ANY KIND CAN POSSIBLY REACH THEM IN TIME...



WE'VE GOT TO HELP THEM. THERE MUST BE A WAY!



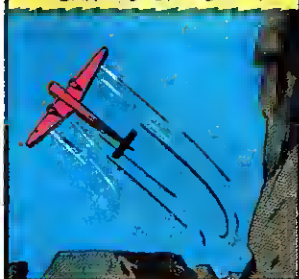
PISTON - YOU ROLL OUT THE BIG CRATE AND GAS 'ER. WOLF - YOU BREAK OUT THOSE ASBESTIUM FIRE SUITS AND THE FIRST AID STUFF.



THERE'S JUST ONE CHANCE - BUT WE MUST TAKE IT!



THE PLANE IS LOADED AND ROARS OFF ON IT'S ERRAND OF MERCY.



THE HUGE DOORS OF THE UNDERGROUND HANGAR ROLL BACK AND THE GREAT HARMON *SUPER-LINER* EMERGES.



MEANWHILE, THE RAGING FLAMES ROAR DOWN THE SLOPES SURROUNDING RED CREEK. THE DOOMED INHABITANTS Huddle IN A CLEARING.



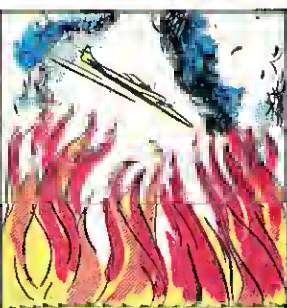
I'M AFRAID THIS IS THE END OF US. WHAT'S THAT QUEER DRONING NOISE?



ABOVE THE CRASHING FOREST FIRE THE DEATH-ENCIRCLED MINERS HEAR A NEW NOISE... THEY LOOK UP IN TERROR.



IT'S - IT'S AN AEROPLANE - RIGHT OVER US NOW!

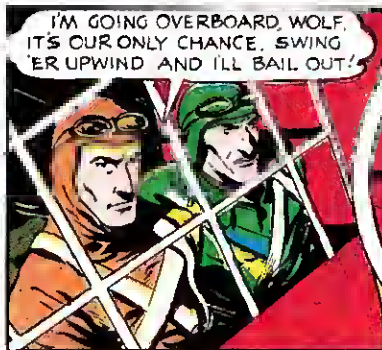


A GIANT PLANE FLASHES INTO VIEW AND SOON DISAPPEARS.

WE CAN'T EVEN SEE THE
GROUND. THIS SMOKE!
'CHUTE - IT'S HOPELESS!



I'M GOING OVERBOARD, WOLF.
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE. SWING
'ER UPWIND AND I'LL BAIL OUT!



WHEN I LAND I'LL TALK
YOU IN ON THE PORTABLE
RADIO TRANSCEIVER.
HERE'S HOW!



'CHUTE' PLUMMETS DOWN TO THE
RAGING HOLOCAUST!.....



I JUST GOT DOWN
HERE IN TIME!



I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE
THE WHOLE VALLEY
FROM UP HERE.



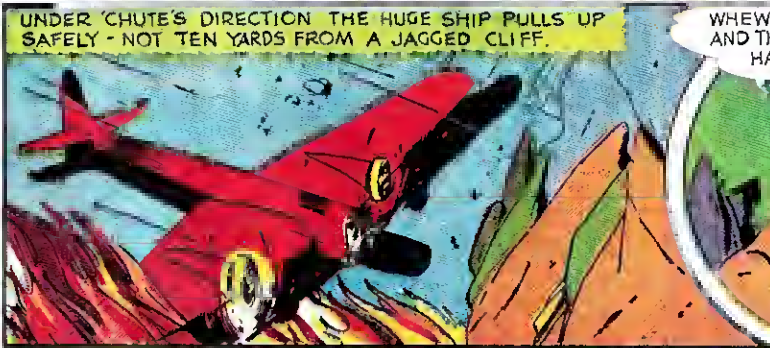
COME IN FROM THE EAST,
WOLF. NOW ABOUT TEN
DEGREES SOUTH. SLOW
'ER DOWN A BIT. RIGHT
WING UP.



YOU'RE ONLY TWENTY
FEET OFF THE GROUND
NOW - SET 'ER DOWN --
AND USE YOUR BRAKES
HARD!



UNDER 'CHUTE'S DIRECTION THE HUGE SHIP PULLS UP
SAFELY - NOT TEN YARDS FROM A JAGGED CLIFF.

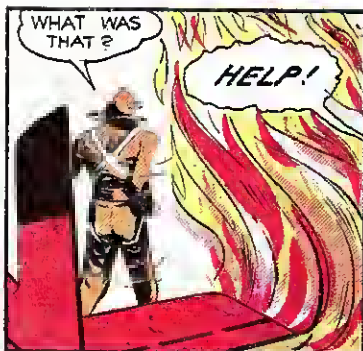


WHEW! A FEW MORE FEET
AND THE OLD GIRL WOULD
HAVE PILED UP!

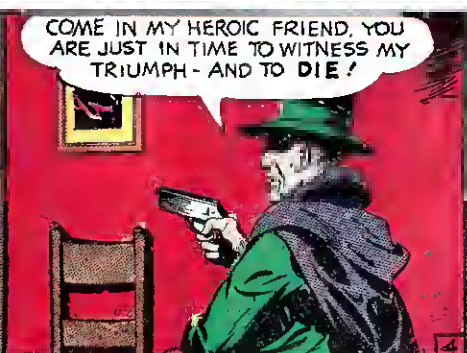
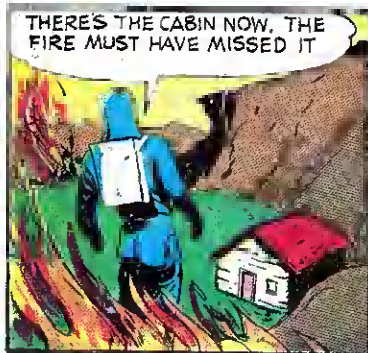


THE DOOMED MINERS AND THEIR FAMILIES ARE SAFELY ABOARD.

AS CHUTE CLOSES THE CABIN DOOR, A WEAK CRY REACHES HIM...



AFTER CARRYING THE VICTIM BACK TO THE PLANE, CHUTE DONS HIS STRANGE FIRE SUIT AND STALKS OUT OF SIGHT INTO THE FIERY DEATH-TRAP!



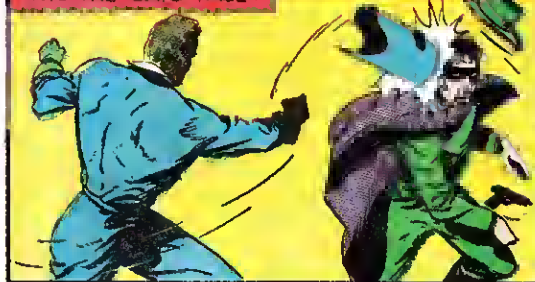
I AM CALLED THE BAT. I STARTED THIS LITTLE BLAZE TO BURN OUT THESE VERMIN. THEY EITHER RUN OR FRY--

--SIMPLE, ISN'T IT? IN A FEW HOURS I MERELY WALK OUT AND THE SPRING SHIPMENT OF GOLD IS MINE! NOW TAKE OFF THAT HELMET AND MAKE YOUR PEACE HERO!

YOU MURDERING SWINE!



CHUTE REMOVES THE HEAVY HELMET, AND WHIRLING SUDDENLY, SENDS IT CRASHING INTO THE BAT'S FACE!



RECOVERING IN AN INSTANT THE BAT LEAPS THROUGH THE DOORWAY AND DIVES INTO THE RAGING INFERNO.



FINDING NO TRACE OF THE BAT, CHUTE RETURNS AND SOON THE GREAT PLANE SPEEDS ON ITS TAKE-OFF. THE EDGE OF A STEEP CLIFF LOOMS BEFORE THEM!



CHUTE! THAT CLIFF AHEAD! WE CAN'T GET OFF THE GROUND IN TIME ---

THE FOREST BELOW IS A FIRE-- THERE'S JUST A CHANCE --



CHUTE IS RIGHT! A GREAT COLUMN OF HOT AIR HITS THE PLANE AND FORCES IT ALOFT TO SAFETY!



LATER, THE MINERS ARE LANDED SAFELY AT A GREAT AIR PORT. THROUGH THE ACCLAIM OF THE CROWD THE RESCUERS SLIP AWAY.

ANOTHER VALIANT DEED TO THE SAGA OF THE HEROIC FLYING LEGION



DID THE BAT REALLY PERISH? WATCH FOR ANOTHER GREAT "CHUTE HARMON ADVENTURE."

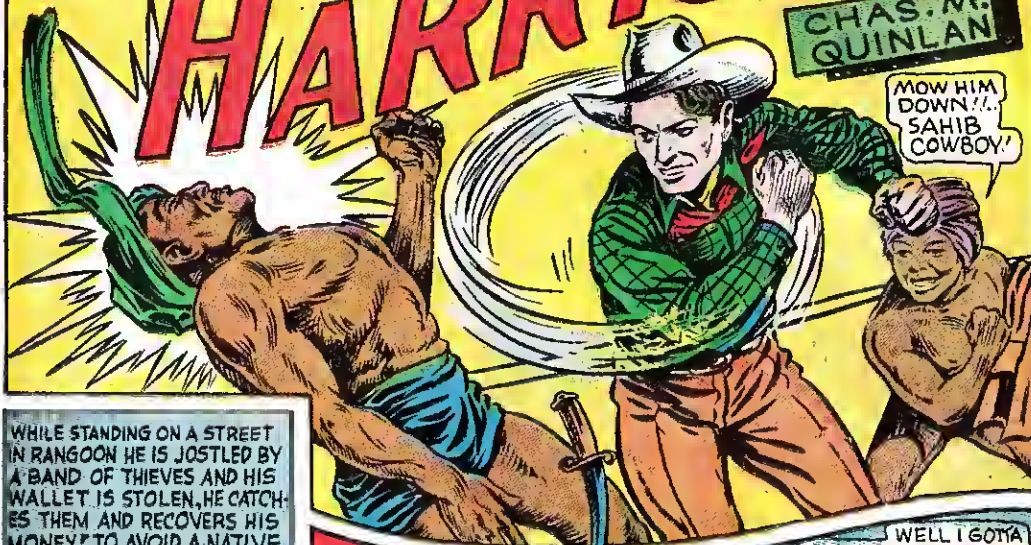
HANK HARRIGAN, BORN AND RAISED IN THE TEXAS PANHANDLE, BECOMES BORED WITH WHAT HE CALLS HIS HUMDRUM EXISTENCE. AN AVID READER OF KIPLING'S WORKS, HE SAVES HIS MONEY AND FINALLY GOES TO INDIA



'HURRICANE' HARRIGAN

by
CHAS. M. QUINLAN

MOW HIM DOWN!!
SAHIB COWBOY!

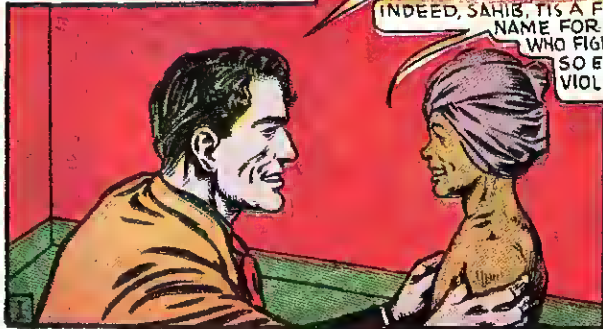


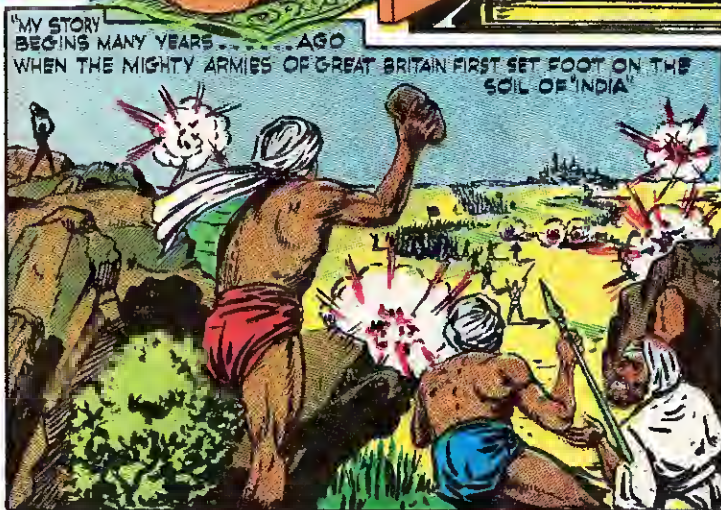
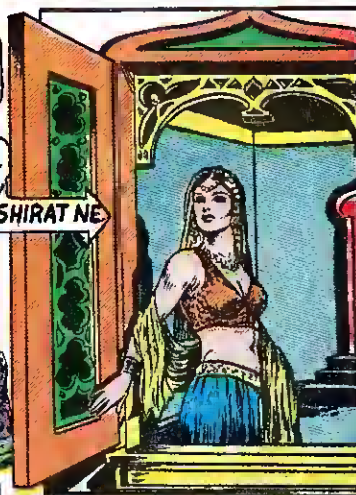
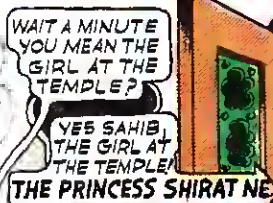
WHILE STANDING ON A STREET IN RANGOON HE IS JOSTLED BY A BAND OF THIEVES AND HIS WALLET IS STOLEN. HE CATCHES THEM AND RECOVERS HIS MONEY. TO AVOID A NATIVE POLICE INQUIRY A MYSTERIOUS HINDU GUIDES HIM TO A TEMPLE THERE A GIRL CONDEMNS HIM TO DEATH. HE ESCAPES WITH THE AID OF A HINDU BOY. IN ESCAPING HE TAKES THE GUIDE WITH HIM!

SO YOUR NAME IS SIKH ABU, O.K. I'LL JUST CALL YOU 'SKEEBO'. MINE IS HANK HARRIGAN, MY FRIENDS ALL CALL ME 'HURRICANE'.

INDEED, SAHIB, 'TIS A FITTING NAME FOR ONE WHO FIGHTS SO ER-A VIOLENTLY!

I WELL I GOTTA BE RAMBLIN' ALONG AND FINDIN' ME A HOTEL TO PUT UP AT, SHUX! I MOST FORGOT 'BOUT OUR PRISONER HERE!





... NOT FAR FROM THE POINT OF INVASION, WERE THE
PROVINCIAL LANDS OF THE MIGHTY MAHARAJAH OF NAJOR...



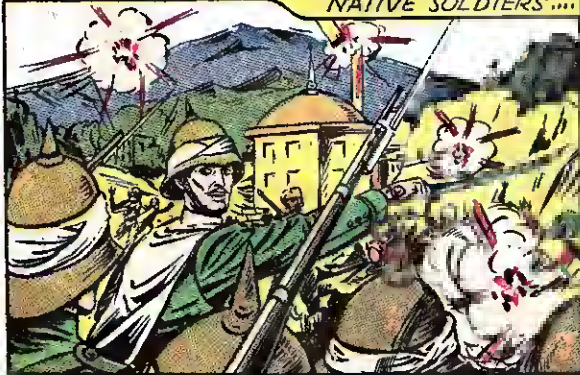
... A RUNNER WARNED HIM OF THE ATTACK!



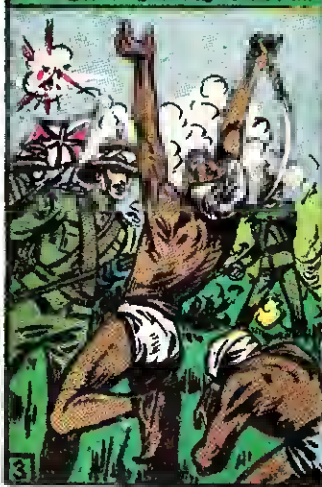
ARM EVERY MAN AT
ONCE! WE WILL TEAR
THESE INFIDEL DOGS
TO PIECES!



THEN... AS THE BRITISH TROOPS ENTERED HIS DOMAIN
THEY WERE ATTACKED BY A HORDE OF NONDESCRIPT
NATIVE SOLDIERS....



POORLY ARMED AND UNTRAINED
THEY WERE NO MATCH FOR THE
HIGHLY EFFICIENT BRITISH
FIGHTING MACHINE!....



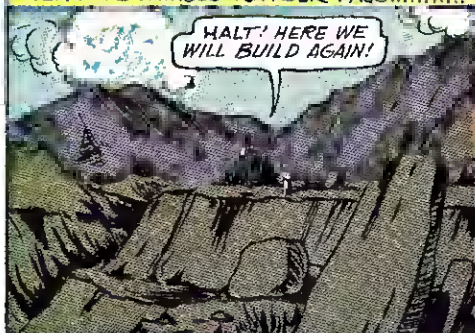
FOR ALL THEIR FIERCENESS
AND THE FACT THAT THEY
WERE FIGHTING IN DEFENSE
OF THEIR HOMES; IT WAS
SLAUGHTER OF THE WORST
KIND...NONE WERE SPARED!



DRIVEN FROM HIS ANCESTRAL HOME
BEREFT OF HIS LANDS, HIS POWER TORN
FROM HIM AND BARELY ESCAPING
WITH HIS LIFE, THE MAHARAJAH
AND WHAT REMAINED OF HIS RETINUE....



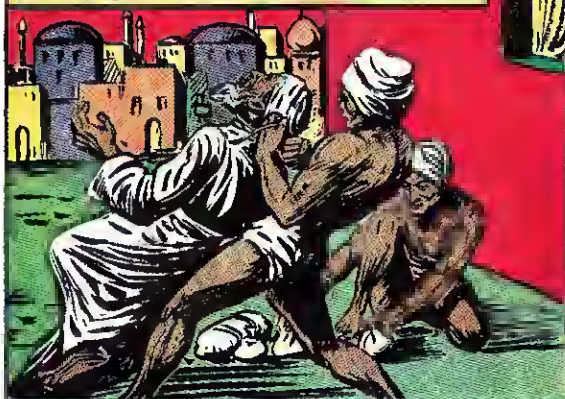
... HE AT LAST FOUND A HAVEN IN THE MOUNTAINS
NEAR THE FAMOUS KHYBER PASS.....



... BITTER AND DEPRESSED HE AGAIN TRIED TO ESTABLISH HIMSELF... WITH HIS FEW SUBJECTS TO HELP HIM...



... HE FORMED A COMBINE OF THE MOST FEARED AND BLOOD-THIRSTY CUT-THROATS IN INDIA!



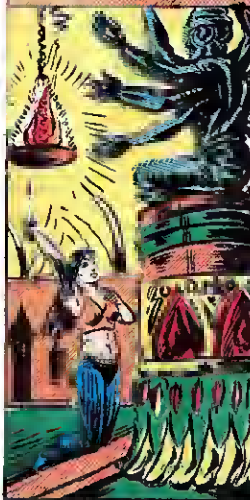
"PERHAPS THE SAHIB IS FAMILIAR WITH THAGGERY OR AS THE ENGLISH CALL THEM THE THUGS... MANY ARE OF THE OPINION THAT IT NO LONGER EXISTS IN MODERN INDIA... BUT THEY ARE WRONG FOR TO-DAY THAGGERY IS STRONGER THAN EVER AND YOU SAHIB CAME NEAR TO BEING ONE OF IT'S NUMEROUS VICTIMS!"



... THE PRINCESS SHIRAT NE IS THE GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE MAHARAJAH OF NAJOR, SCHOOLLED BY HER FATHER AND GRANDFATHER TO HATE ALL WHOSE SKINS ARE WHITE...

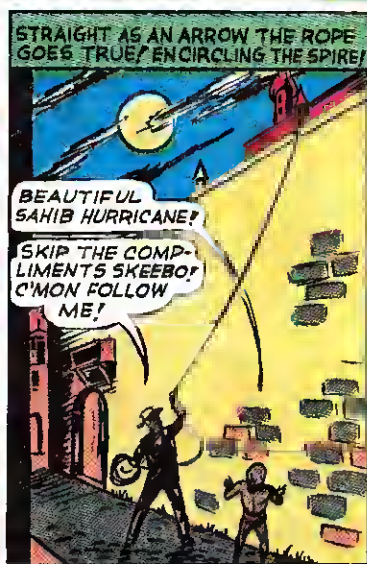
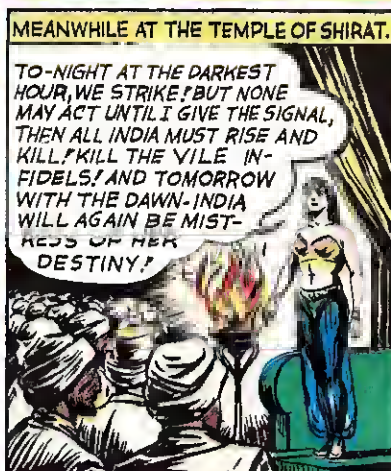
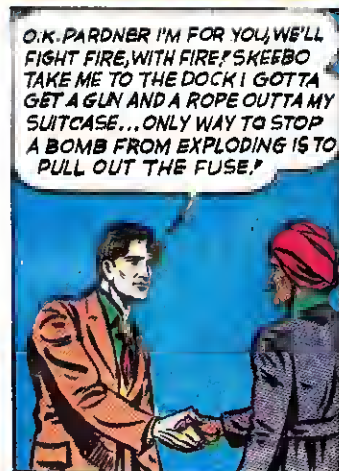
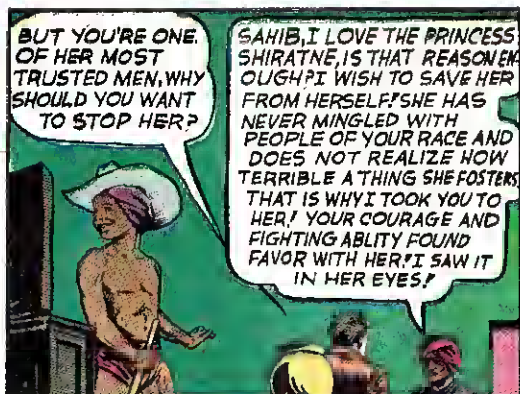
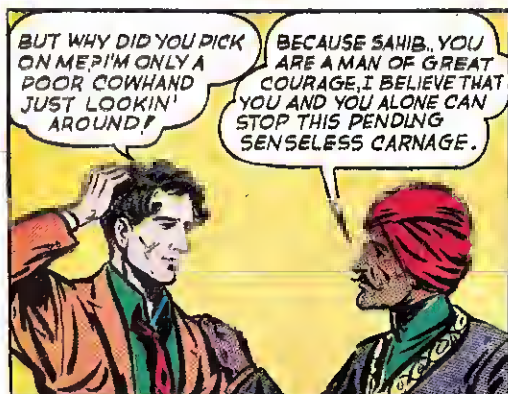


... HER LIFE HAS BEEN DEDICATED TO THE DESTRUCTION OF EVERY INFIDEL IN INDIA!



... EVEN NOW SHE IS READY TO STRIKE!
... WITH THE SWIFTESS AND DEADLINESS OF THE COBRA AND WITHOUT ANY WARNING, THE BLOW WILL FALL!!

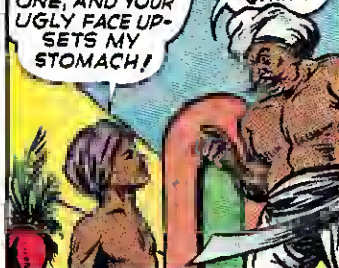




SUDDENLY SKEEBO DISCARDS HIS STEALTH, AND BOLDLY WALKS UP TO ONE OF THE GUARDS!

WHAT BIG FEET YOU HAVE, LOW ONE, AND YOUR UGLY FACE UPSETS MY STOMACH!

W-WHAT Y-YOU? @XANN



WORM OF A PIG'S WORMS I SHALL PLAY YOU ALIVE!



SUDDENLY AN ARM SHOOTS OUT!



SPEAK QUICKLY LOW ONE, WHICH IS THE CHAMBER OF THE PRINCESS SHIRAT NE?

MERCY, OH EXALTED SON OF A KING 'TIS THE DOOR ON THY LEFT TWO MEN GUARD IT!



BUT THE GUARDS ARE AWARE THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG



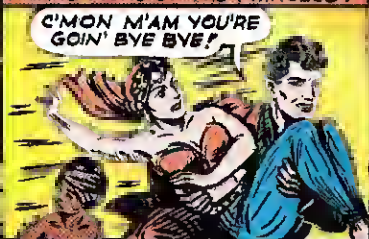
LOOK OUT SAHIB!

THE NOISE OF THE FIGHT ATTRACTS THE PRINCESS! SHE SCREAMS!



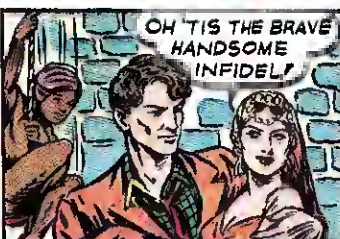
GUARDS!

KNOCKING OUT THE GUARDS HURRICANE PICKS UP THE PRINCESS.



C'MON M'AM YOU'RE GOIN' BYE BYE!

HE RUSHES TO THE ROPE AND SLIDES DOWN!



OH 'TIS THE BRAVE HANDSOME INFIDEL!

WITH SKEEBO LEADING HURRICANE QUICKLY DELIVERS HIS BURDEN.

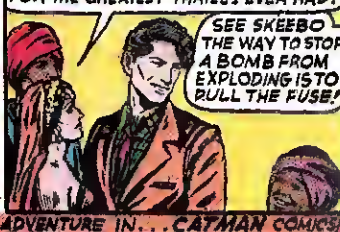


SHALIM! YOU! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?



FORGIVE ME SHIRAT MY MY BELOVED! IT WAS ONLY TO SAVE YOU FROM AN ACT WHICH WOULD HAVE DOOMED INDIA FOREVER!

LATER! SAHIB, SHALIM HAS TOLD ME HOW INDIA HAS PROSPERED UNDER BRITISH RULE! AND THANK YOU FOR THE GREATEST THRILL I EVER HAD!



SEE SKEEBO THE WAY TO STOP A BOMB FROM EXPLODING IS TO PULL THE FUSE!

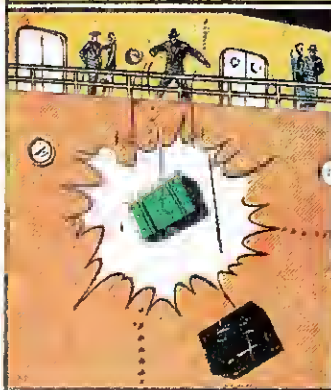
WATCH FOR THE NEXT HURRICANE HARRIGAN ADVENTURE IN... CATMAN COMICS!

THE RAG MAN



THE RAGMAN, REALLY JAY GARSON, JR. ... BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED BY GANGSTERS, WAGES A SILENT WAR ON THE ENEMIES OF CIVILIZATION

ON BOARD DR. PAUL DUVAL, FAMOUS FRENCH SURGEON, WAITS HIS TURN FOR LUGGAGE INSPECTION.... SUDDENLY....



STEWART: QUEEK! MY VALISE, EET FALL OVERBOARD! DO SOMETHING! MY PAPERS, THEY WEE BE RUIN!!

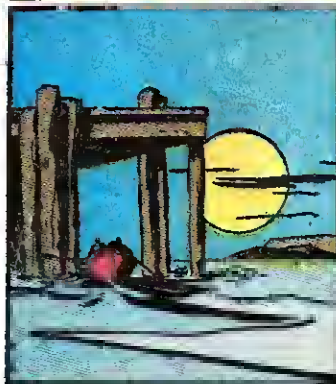


I'M AFRAID THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO DR. DUVAL! YOU'RE CASE HAS SUNK TO THE BOTTOM!

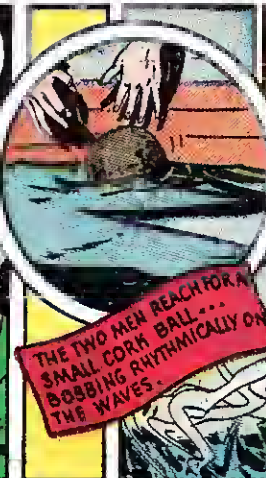
ALL OF MY DOCUMENTS! AND PAPERS, OH WELLET IS LUCKY I HAVE DUPLI - CATES.



LATE THAT NIGHT A SMALL BOAT GLIDES SILENTLY ACROSS THE WATER... ITS TWO OCCUPANTS TALK IN LOW WHISPERS....

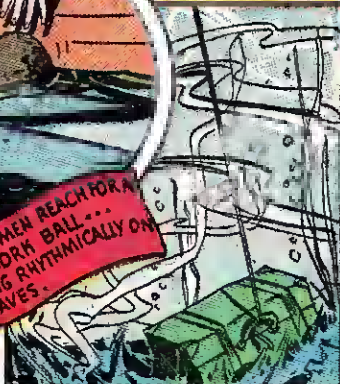


LOOK, THERE IT IS! C'MON, WE GOTTA WORK FAST, GET THIS BOAT OVER TO IT!



THE TWO MEN REACH FOR A SMALL CORK BALL... BOBBING RHYTHMICALLY ON THE WAVES.

AND FAR BELOW!... ATTACHED TO A LIGHT CORD IS DUVAL'S VALISE

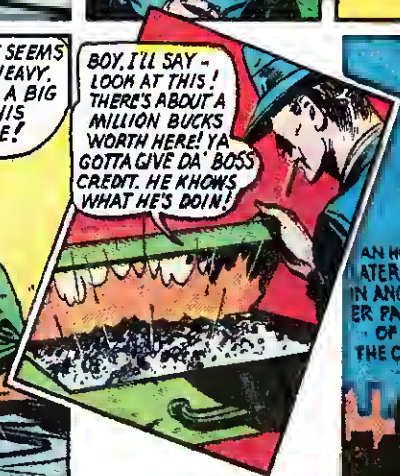


THERE IT IS, SILKY, LIFT IT IN HERE... I WANT TO SEE IF EVERYTHING IS O.K.!

WOW! IT SEEMS PRETTY HEAVY, MUST BE A BIG LOAD THIS TIME!



BOY, I'LL SAY - LOOK AT THIS! THERE'S ABOUT A MILLION BUCKS WORTH HERE! YA GOTTA GIVE DA BOSS CREDIT. HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOIN'!



AN HOUR LATER... IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY

HERE IT IS BOSS! NO TROUBLE AT ALL!



GOOD WORK BOYS! ONE MORE HAUL LIKE THIS ONE AND WE CAN TAKE IT EASY!

JUST THEN, TWO MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF JEWELS, EEN THE PAST TWO MONTHS AN' ANOTHER MILLION ON ITS WAY! HA! THESE AMERICAN POLICE... THEY ARE WHAT YOU CALL STUPID... HEH-HEH-



THE FOLLOWING WEEK... AT F.B.I HEADQUARTERS...

WE'RE POSITIVE THAT JEWELS ARE BEING SMUGGLED IN THIS COUNTRY AND WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT... THE LINER 'ACROR' DOCKS TOMORROW AT TWELVE O'CLOCK. WE JUST GOT A HOT TIP THAT THERE'S NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF JEWELS ON BOARD!



I HAVE A CABLEGRAM HERE FROM LONDON AUTHORITIES STATING THAT A CERTAIN MADAME ROMEO, ONETIME NOTORIOUS JEWEL THIEF, IS ON BOARD. I WANT HER LUGGAGE SEARCHED THOROUGHLY, AND DON'T LET A SINGLE THING SLIP BY!



AT TWELVE O'CLOCK THE FOLLOWING DAY THE "ACROR" MOVES SLOWLY INTO HER DOCK.



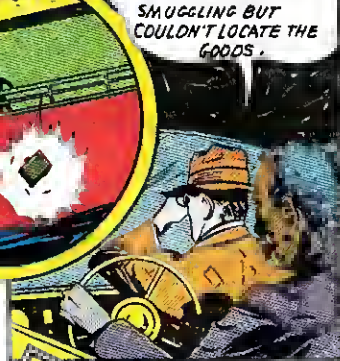
ALONG THE PIER IN HIS SLEEK LIMOUSINE THE RAGM STUDIES THE PASSENGERS ON THE IN-COMING SHIP WITH POWERFUL FIELD GLASSES.

SHE'S COMING IN CLOSER, TINY! I CAN MAKE OUT THE PASSENGERS PRETTY CLEARLY NOW.



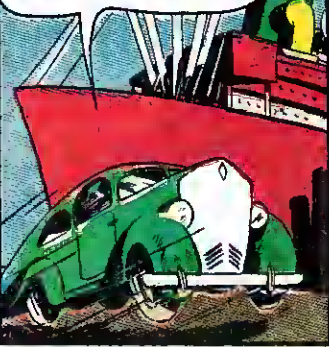
SUDDENLY

THERE IT GOES TINY... A WOMEN THROWING A SMALL PACKAGE OVER BOARD, MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT, THE POLICE SUSPECTED SMUGGLING BUT COULDN'T LOCATE THE GOODS.



LATER THAT NIGHT

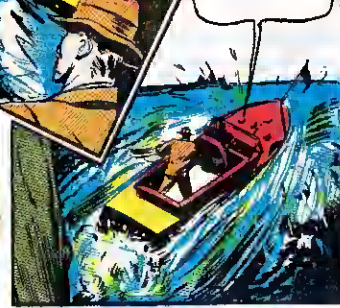
I'M PRETTY SURE I KNOW HOW THEY OPERATE, O.K., TINY, LET'S GET GOING! AND TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH GANG OF JEWEL SMUGGLERS.



IT MAY BE A LONG WAIT TINY! BUT ANY MINUTE I EXPECT TO SEE A BOAT COME FROM BENEATH ONE OF THESE WHARVES! I.... LISTEN.... YES, HERE IT COMES....

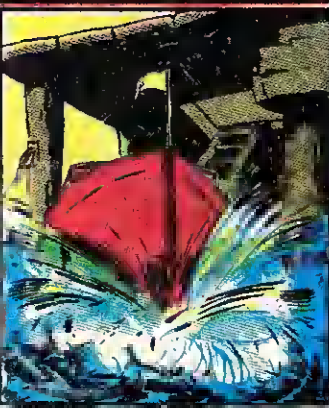


(NOW DON'T FORGET AS SOON AS THEY LOCATE THE PACKAGE GET THIS MOTOR GOING)

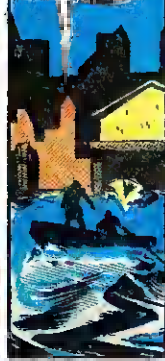


OK TINY, THEY FOUND IT! LET'S GO!

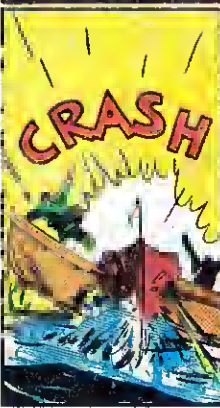
FROM UNDER IT'S DARK HIDING PLACE THE SPEED BOAT SHOOTS ACROSS THE WATER...



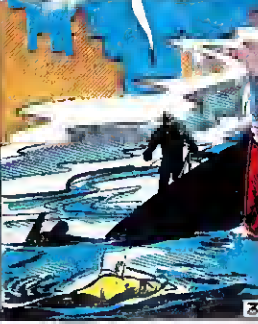
HEY! LOOK, THEY MUST BE COPPER. THEY'RE GOIN' TO CRASH INTO US! C'MON, JUMP!



WITH A SICKENING CRASH THE POWER BOAT THUDS INTO THE SMALL VESSEL



O.K. YOU MUGS, CLIMB ON BOARD! AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR!





A MOMENT LATER THE
RAGMAN IS AWAY IN
PURSUIT OF THE JEWEL
SMUGGLER



IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT
HE'LL HEAD TOWARD
THE BRIDGE, I'VE
GOT TO BEAT
HIM TO
IT



HA! I WAS RIGHT
THERE HE GOES! HE
MUST HAVE ABANDONED
THE BOAT!



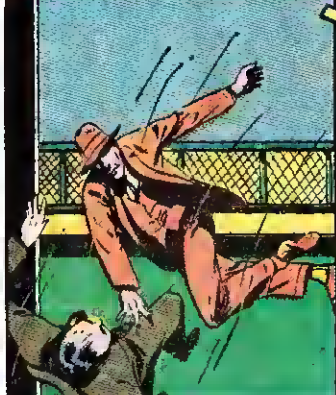
THE RAGMAN!!
YOU'LL NEVER GET
ME TO THE POLICE!
NEVER, NEVER!



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT THE
RAGMAN LEAPS AT DUVAL....



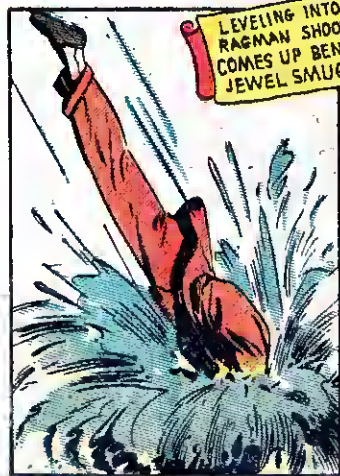
LOSING BALANCE BOTH MEN
PLUNGE HEADLONG OVER THE RAIL



AND HURTLE
DOWN INTO THE
DARK WATERS...



LEVELING INTO A PERFECT DIVE THE
RAGMAN SHOOTS FAR BELOW.. AND
COMES UP BENEATH THE UNCONSCIOUS
JEWEL SMUGGLER.



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE RAGMAN HEADS HIS SPEED BOAT BACK TO LAND.



WE'LL TIE THESE GUYS UP. THE POLICE WILL FIND THEM IN THE MORNING AND WITH THESE JEWELS THEY'LL HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVICT THEM!



IT'S TOO BAD DR. DUVAL, THAT SUCH A FAMOUS SURGEON AS YOU, WHO COULD BE SAVING LIVES OF THE SICK AND DYING... SHOULD LET THE POWER OF BIG MONEY HALT YOUR CAREER! IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY. CRIME CAN REAP BIG PROFITS BUT THE LAW IS SUPREME AND ITS PENALTIES ARE DEMANDING.



ALL WE NEED TO COMPLETE THIS CASE IS A FINAL EDITORIAL BY THE GHOST OF JAY GARSON, JR.!



THE FOLLOWING DAY IN THE HECTIC OFFICES OF THE DAILY STAR



DEMON! DEMON! WHAT IS THIS! HERE'S THIS EDITORIAL AGAIN!

IT'S WRITTEN BY JAY GARSON JR. WE'RE NOT CARRYING HIS COLUMN ANYMORE, HE'S DEAD! WHERE'D YOU GET THIS, DEMON? IS THIS A JOKE?



I GIVE UP!



ANOTHER THRILLING RAGMAN ADVENTURE IN THE ARMY CAT-MAN COMICS

DAILY STAR CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BY JAY GARSON JR.
BY THE TIME THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS THE POLICE PROBABLY HAVE FOUND THE FAMOUS FRENCH SURGEON DR. DUVAL BOUND AND GAGGED AND ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVICT HIM OF THE JEWEL SMUGGLING!! THE RAGMAN WHO BROUGHT ABOUT THE CAPTURE OF THESE SMUGGLERS WISHES TO INFORM THE POLICE THAT MEMBER OF DUVAL'S GANG COULD PROBABLY BE FOUND FLEEING THE COUNTRY TOWARD

HOLY SMOKES! CHIEF THIS THING'S ON THE LEVEL, THE POLICE JUST FOUND DUVAL WITH A MILLION DUCKS WORTH OF JEWELS! ALL HE WAS SAYIN' WAS THE... RAGMAN -- RAGMAN. I TELL YOU CHIEF, THERE'S SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS RAGMAN AND GARSON BUT BY JUPITER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS.



LANCE RAND



LANCE RAND, SOLDIER-OF-FORTUNE, AND HIS PAL TUBBY, HAVE BEEN STRANDED IN LISBON, PORTUGAL, WHEN THEY ARE ACCOSTED BY WENDALL ROSS, RICH AMERICAN FINANCIER.

AT THE MOMENT THE THREE ARE DINING IN A CAFE WHERE ROSS IS TRYING TO INTEREST THE TWO ADVENTURERS IN A PROPOSITION...



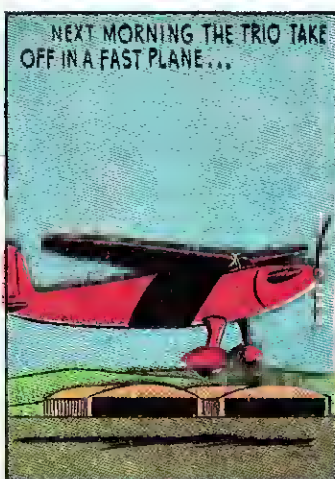
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

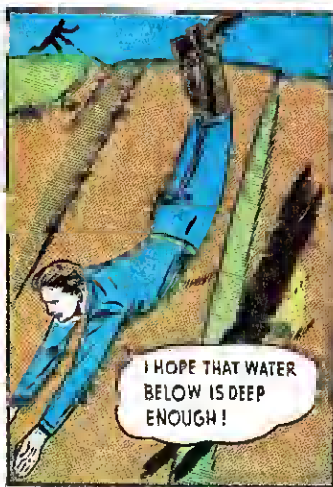
BRIEFLY, THIS... I OWN A SMALL ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC WHICH GROWS COPRA...

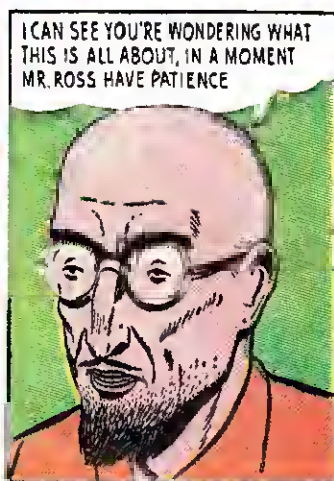
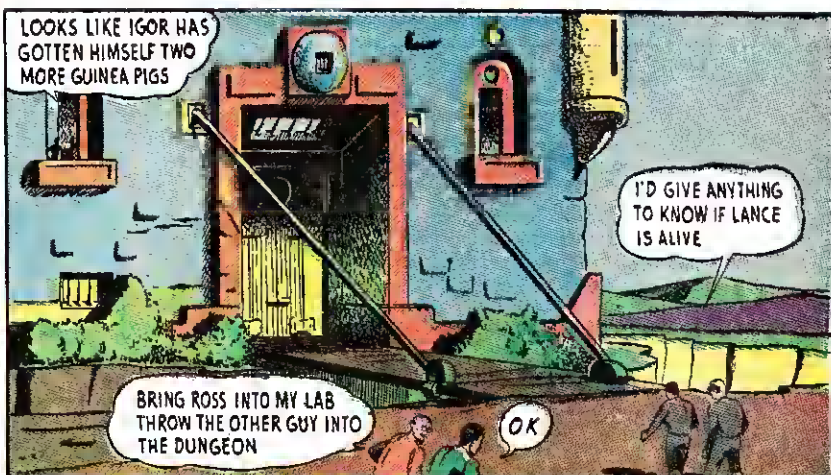


THE ONLY COMMUNICATION I HAVE WITH THE ISLAND IS BY RADIO ONCE A MONTH... FOR THREE MONTHS NOW I HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD FROM MY OVER-SEER... I'M AFRAID SOMETHING'S WRONG... SINCE THE ISLAND IS OUT OF THE STEAMSHIP LANE, I CAN REACH IT ONLY BY PLANE I'LL NEED HELP, THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN.

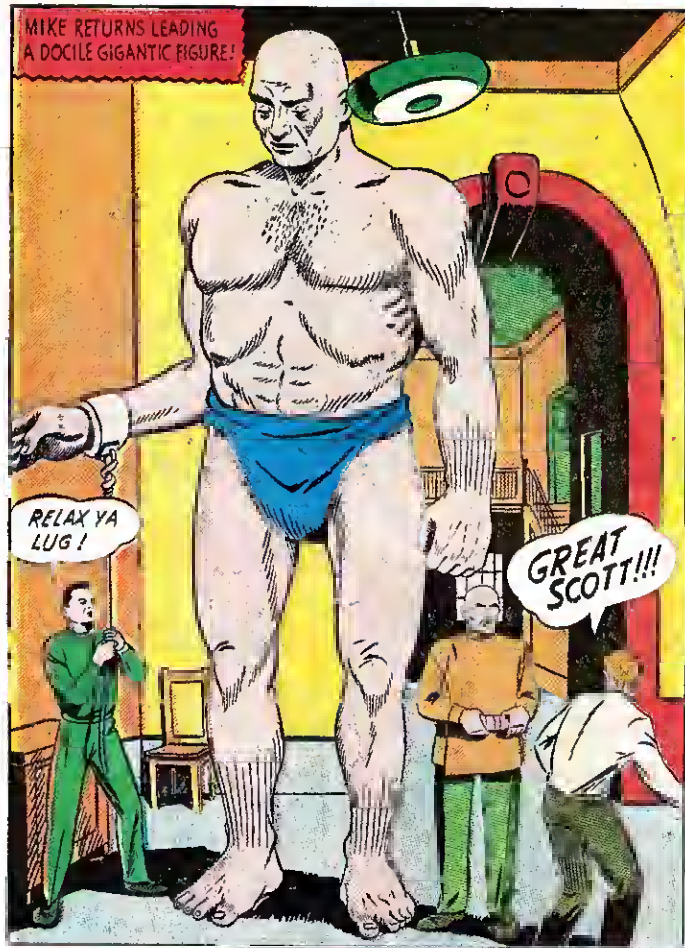








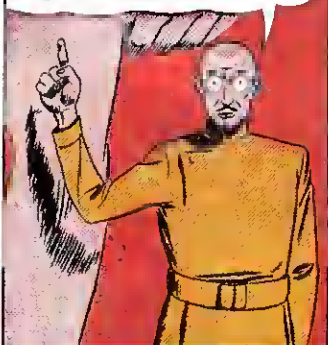
MIKE RETURNS LEADING
A DOCILE GIGANTIC FIGURE!



YOU SEE MR. ROSS SOMETIME AGO
I MANAGED TO SPEED UP THE ACTION
OF THE HUMAN PITUITARY GLAND BY
A SERIES OF ELECTRICAL IMPULSES...
NUMBER SEVEN HERE IS THE RESULT.
UNFORTUNATELY SIX OTHERS BEFORE
HIM WERE UNSUCCESSFUL.



THIS SPECIMAN IS PHYSICALLY PERFECT
WHEN THE TIME COMES I SHALL
RELEASE AN ARMY OF THESE ON
THE WORLD...



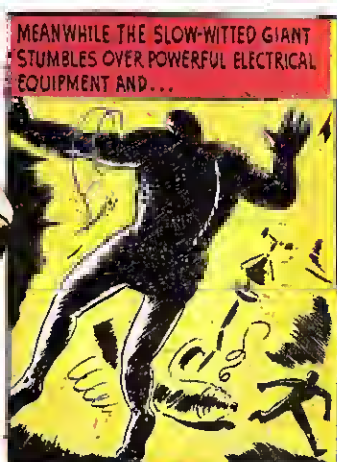
MEANWHILE LANCE RACES FOR THE
AUTOMATIC IN THE PLANE...



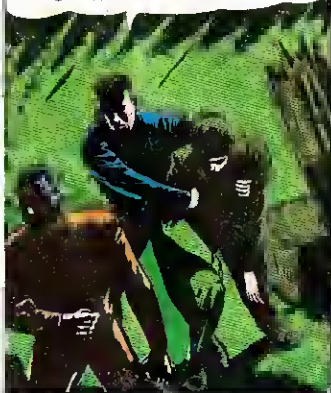
BACK AT THE CASTLE LANCE DISPOSES
OF TWO MORE THUGS ...



AND SMASHES INTO TUBBY'S CELL!



PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER ROSS,
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE THIS
PLACE IS A RAGING INFERNO!



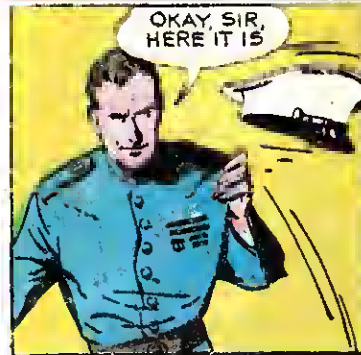
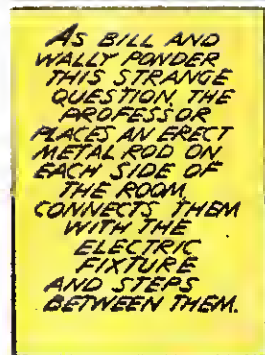
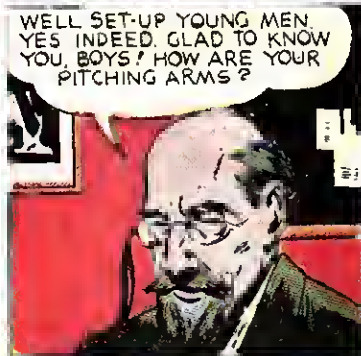
IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE THE END
OF DOCTOR IGOR.



STILL... I DON'T KNOW. A RAT-LIKE
THAT MIGHT HAVE MORE THAN ONE
WAY OF GETTING OUT OF A TRAP.



DEVIL DOGS



BUT TO BILL'S SURPRISE AND CHAGRIN THE CAP GOES WIDE OF THE MARK.



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR AIM, SERGEANT? HERE, CORPORAL YOU TRY IT



BUT WALLY'S CAP ALSO LANDS FAR TO ONE SIDE.

MYSTIFIED THE TWO

STARE AT THE SMILING PROFESSOR.

WE BOTH PITCHED OUR CAPS TWO FEET TO THE LEFT. WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

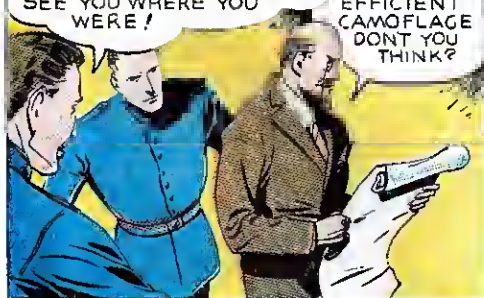


YOU THREW TO THE SPOT WHERE YOU THOUGHT I WAS STANDING. AS A MATTER OF FACT I WAS ACTUALLY TWO FEET TO THE RIGHT. A MAGNETIC CURTAIN SUSPENDED BETWEEN THOSE TWO METAL RODS CAUSED THE LIGHT RAYS TO SHIFT AND REFLECT TO ONE SIDE



THEN WE SAW YOU WHERE YOU WERENT AND COULDN'T SEE YOU WHERE YOU WERE!

EXACTLY! HIGHLY EFFICIENT CAMOFLAGÉ DON'T YOU THINK?



-AND THAT'S THE SCHEME. YOU ARE TO TAKE CHARGE OF INSTALLING PROFESSOR TWEED'S MAGNETO-RAY ALONG THE NEWLY OPENED BURMA ROAD AS A PROTECTION AGAINST ENEMY AIR-RAIDS



OF COURSE YOU REALIZE THAT THIS MUST BE DONE IN THE STRICTEST SECRECY

YES SIR!

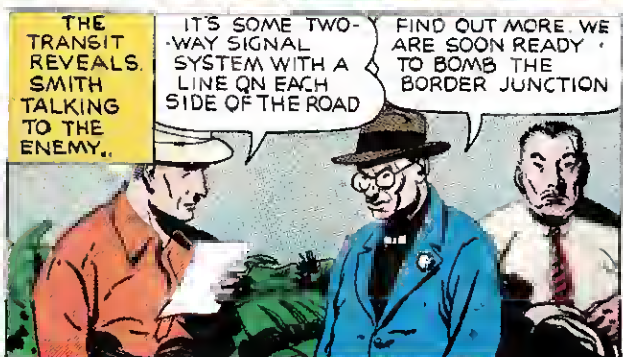
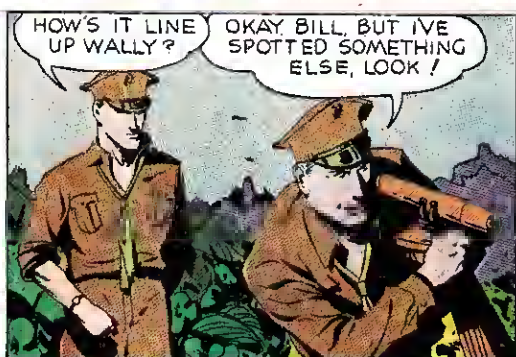
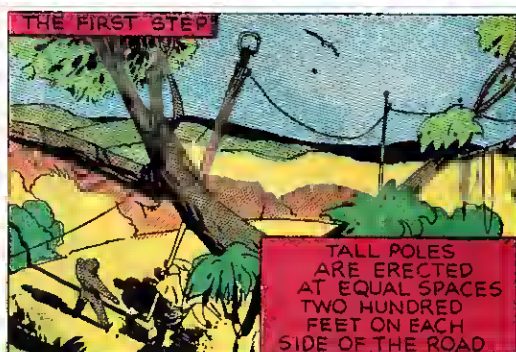
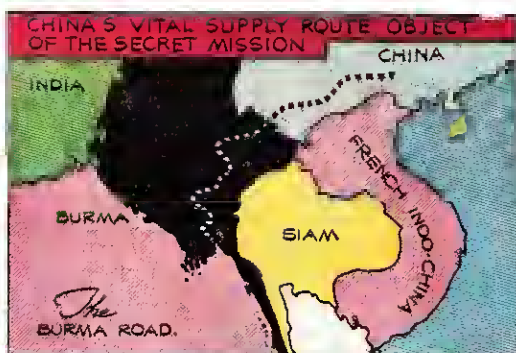
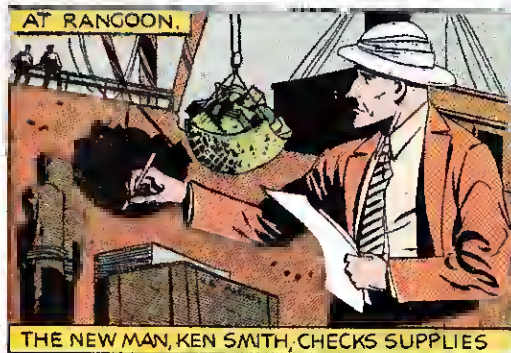


SEVERAL DAYS LATER A CORPS OF SPECIAL ENGINEERS DEPARTS FOR RANGOON

THAT NEW MAN WE SIGNED ON WILL BEAR WATCHING, WALLY

YOU MEAN THE GUY CALLED SMITH? HE'S A SMOOTH ONE





WIRES ARE STRUNG FROM POLE TO POLE



THE LINES ARE COMPLETE. SERGEANT, SHALL WE ATTACH THE INSTRUMENTS AND TEST THEM?



INSTRUMENTS. ER-NO NOT YET. I MUST RETURN TO MANDALAY FIRST.

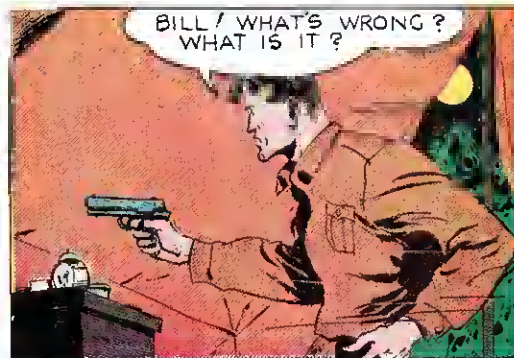
THAT NIGHT BILL TANNER AWAKES TO DISCOVER A SHADOWY FIGURE IN HIS TENT!



HALT! ONE MOVE AND I'LL FIRE!



BILL! WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT IS IT?



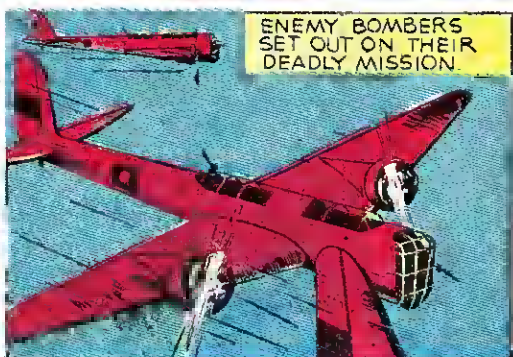
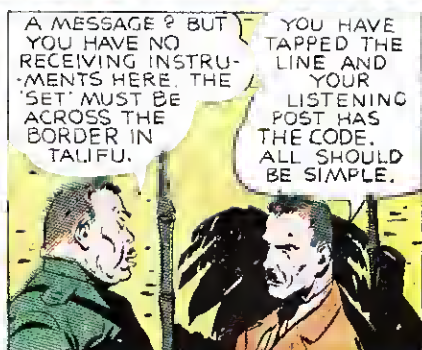
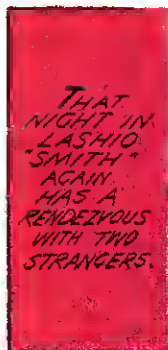
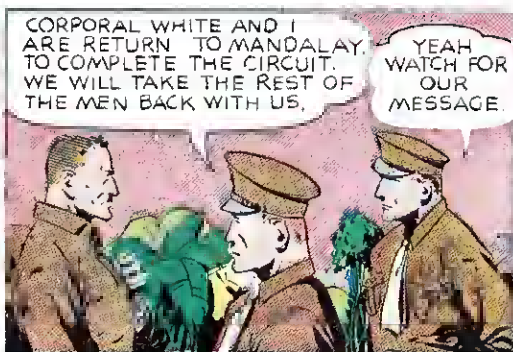
I HAD VISITORS, TWO OF THEM! ONE THREW ME OR I WOULD HAVE PLUGGED THE OTHER. SEE IF ANYTHING'S MISSING.



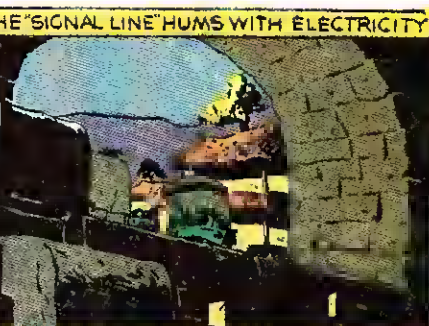
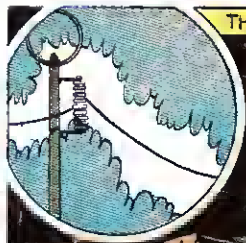
NOTHING GONE BUT THAT BRITISH CODE BOOK AND SOME TAPPING WIRE.

SOMEBODY'S LOOKING FOR A MESSAGE, MAYBE.





THE "SIGNAL LINE" HUMS WITH ELECTRICITY

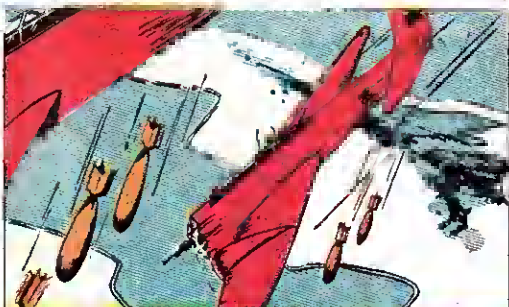
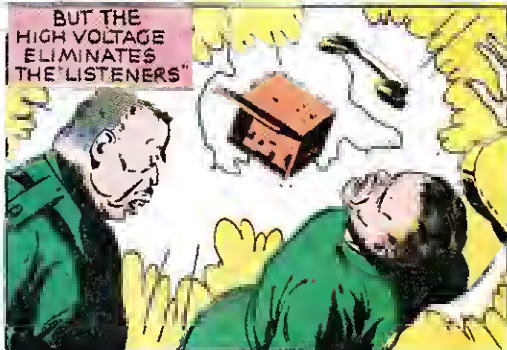


AS THE SUPPLY TRAIN RUMBLES THROUGH LASHIO.



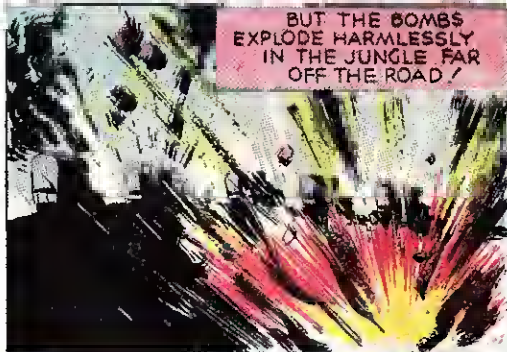
THE ENEMY
"LISTENS IN."

BUT THE
HIGH VOLTAGE
ELIMINATES
THE "LISTENERS"



OVERHEAD THE ENEMY RAIDERS DROP
THEIR CARGOES OF DEATH!

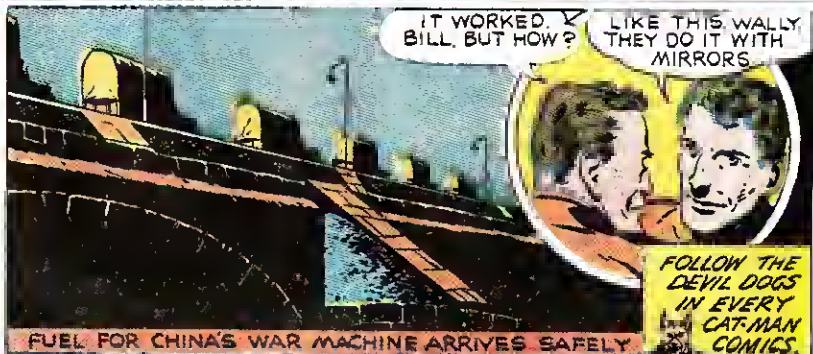
BUT THE BOMBS
EXPLODE HARMLESSLY
IN THE JUNGLE FAR
OFF THE ROAD!



WHAT'S THE MATTER? NOT
A SINGLE HIT! DIVE LOWER
AND RELEASE THE OTHER
RACK!



AGAIN AND
AGAIN THE
RAIDERS LET
GO THEIR
MISSILES
BUT THE
BURMA ROAD
AND THE
SUPPLY TRAIN
REMAIN
UNTOUCHED.



IT WORKED. ✓
BILL, BUT HOW?

LIKE THIS WALLY
THEY DO IT WITH
MIRRORS



FOLLOW THE
DEVIL DOGS
IN EVERY
CAT-MAN
COMICS.

FUEL FOR CHINA'S WAR MACHINE ARRIVES SAFELY



Take Hill 49 were the orders.

The element of surprise had vanished with the coming of dawn, peril crowded every hour, ammunition was vital to our support; four weeks of rain, hail, sleet and snow had made all roads next to impassable. The ammunition trucks had covered more than fifty miles battling storm and mud and were now bogged down to a snail's pace close to our position target for a rain of fire and shell. "TAKE HILL 49 OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT," was the exact language of the command. Additional field pieces were being rushed up to support our attack. The enemy had beaten back four assaults in as many days. A murderous song of shell fire was sweeping through the valley over which our charge must pass. Bill Brown, driver of one of those trucks little knew, nor little cared what hardship might be involved, his "COUNTRY" had need of him and he was in France.

Death was looking each man in the eye, but danger was forgotten in the tension felt by everyone, when cupping ear to catch the cry as down the line came those blood curdling words, "COLD STEEL, COLD STEEL." The 3rd truck had just unloaded its cargo of shells, when the "All out" call was sounded, and in splendid form the boys swept over the top.

Courage? Gosh, no! Instinct is the word. There was no choice, it was command; every man was stronger under the drive of instinct.

The advance, at first rapid, fell quickly into the slow strategy of attack. There is nothing picturesque in these charges, it's all grim business. Shell holes, mud holes, trenches, barbed wire entanglements, gulleys, ditches, barricades, some obstructive, others protective. A bullet here, a shell there, a man down, another prone on his belly as he draws a bead on an enemy sniper, a machine gun nest is flanked and captured. Slowly goes the advance but always with determination. There can be no retreat, there is no retreat, slowly they climb. The strategy is one of wave movement, two to the right, three to the left, one straight on, alternating every 2nd rush. Now Smith is out

of the line, Stephens stops a second to assist but is quickly back again. O'Brien drops to his knee and fires, a smile is on his face as he rises. On sweep the boys. Shells are bursting, bullets are flying, the trumpet's blast with the shrill note of formation call is heard above the din, then the huddle, the rush, on they go. Planes overhead, some enemy, some our own, we see, we hear, we do not think—Hell—Hell everywhere, Hell sent to drive one mad, but the boys with blind instinct calmly 'carry on, every man fighting to live, but none afraid to die. On they charge, every man a tower of might in his will to survive. THE COMMAND HAS PLANNED, THE BOYS PERFORM, each plays his part, none dare falter. Safety is at the top. . . .

Shell fire played havoc with the ammunition train, five trucks blown to "Kingdom Come." The skill of a driver is taxed in dodging shell holes and fire. Bill Brown, at the wheel of No. 10, followed straight into the jaws of Hell. Call it courage, call it valor, call it what you will, but both "instinct" and "reason" sat in the drivers' seats that day and most of those precious cargoes came safely through.

"Some persons are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them." Bill Brown's behavior that day in the eyes of his superior was

vested with the calm courage of the great, anyway it won for Bill the Congressional Medal. No soldier ever consciously sought such honor, but every soldier prizes it above all things.

Bill was not unlike the million other boys who saw service at the front. He was a "draftee" and none had correctly pictured what life for them in France was to be. Modern warfare holds terror for the strongest heart; none of these had run, but all remained to fight. Bill Brown as a boy had been known as the "Bull Frog King of Michigan"; it may involve sacrifice to point humor where Congress has sought valor in its appraisal of a deed, explaining the act of a man by his boyhood weakness for frogs, we admit is a strange approach to so dramatic a thing as an episode of the war, but this happens to be a "jumpy" tale; it deals with emotion and the queer turn emotion may force.

It deals with the emotional act of a guy under fire where the mettle of men is tested by the withering, searing, scorching flare of guns and the burst of shells; where the wounded, the dying and the dead are passed over in the mad drive of assault—assault which must carry forward or add untold thousands to the fallen; it is so fantastic it sounds "phony," but it is absolutely true, though just a bit funny. They make medals to pin on boys for unusual behavior in passing through hell like this. Who shall say what kind of behavior? Well, that's our story: some gave limbs, others their lives, but most lived to tell about the wild charge to victory.

All the boys were "jumpy" that morning; the driver of truck No. 10, Bill Brown, from his own lips was never so "jumpy" in his life, but emotion had Bill Brown marked for fame. Now

knowing Bill as I do, frogs immediately suggest themselves as the key to the blind impulse of our hero on that bleak November morn when the order was "FORWARD."

Any "kid" will tell you he is scared when things go out of control, every man that morning had the same feeling. I call it normal, yes sir, it's perfectly normal to be scared when hell breaks loose, as it did on Hill 49. What does a guy under fire think of? he just doesn't. Most fellows lose their wits and travel on instinct. Some start off remembering. It's the remembering that does funny things. Bill Brown started remembering.

I got the history of Bill's citation as we sat shooting frogs. Remember, please, he was speaking in the cool of after years. I had to figuratively heat it out of him. Only after very rough kidding did he spill it.

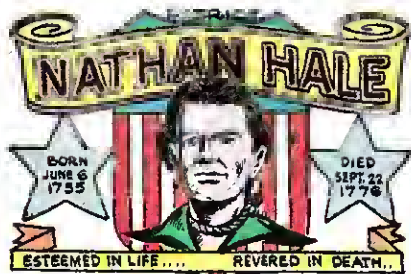
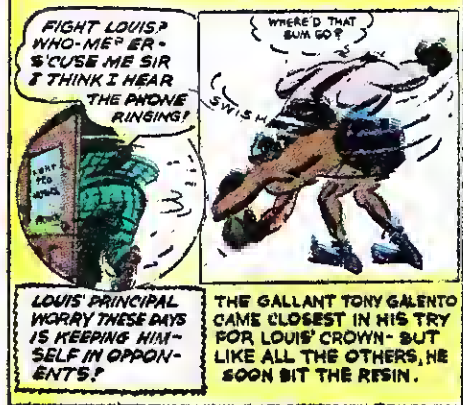
As Bill told it, the slow moving ammunition trucks were inviting targets for enemy guns; five direct hits on five of the preceding trucks and the shattering explosions following upset his power of reasoning and he fell victim to instinct. Slamming on the brakes he hopped off, seeking shelter in the mud under his truck. Shortly after, the squad lieutenant rushing up, demanded, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?" Bill calmly replied, "MAKING REPAIRS." — "WELL FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, CROWD IT, BEFORE THEY BLOW YOU TO HELL."

The citation read "For outstanding courage and service in excess of duty, and the cool defiance of death in making repairs to truck under withering, devastating shell fire, and the delivery of ammunition indispensable to the successful support of the final assault on Hill 49."





ONE OF THE GREATEST HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS OF ALL TIME.



Immediately after the battle of Long Island, General Washington wanted information of the enemy (The British under General Howe), their position, their strength, and probable movements; the mission was delicate and dangerous. Captain Hale tendered his service and was shortly on his way to Brooklyn, his work was thorough and complete. After procuring the necessary data he was recognized and captured just as he was passing the British out-post on his return to Washington's headquarters. Rushed before General Howe, Hale promptly admitted his identity and rank. Howe condemned him to be executed.

In all things a Man—AMERICA'S MARTYR PATRIOT—In Age a Boy.

Born of a race of colonial intellectuals, he was endowed with rare charm of mind and person, which endeared him to all with whom he made contact. Nathan Hale as a boy, whether in play or study thrust the whole energy of his mind and soul into it; this spirit followed him in his work at Yale where he won high honors both as a student and athlete. Graduating, he taught school at New London, Conn for a short period.

He was a tireless worker performing valiant service for his country in the recruiting of men at the most critical period of the revolution. Washington's strategic retreat to Washington Heights when vastly outnumbered both in men and equipment prompted a call for vital information requiring the service of a man of the highest intellect, culture and skill. Answering his superior who opposed his undertaking so dangerous a mission, Hale replied, "I think I owe to my Country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of her armies, and I know of no other mode of obtaining the information than by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp." Thus forecasting the immortal words uttered when taunted by his executioner while he stood quietly facing the few who had gathered to see him die.

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my Country."

LUCKY LANDERS

WAR
CORRESPONDENT.

BY
ULLMER - WILLNER.

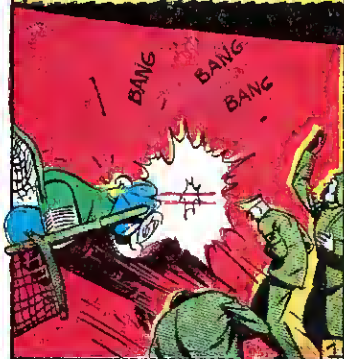
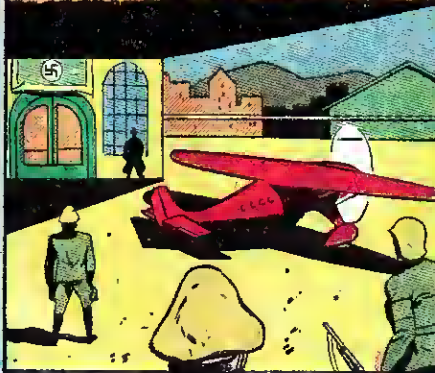
LUCKY LANDERS, AN AMERICAN WAR CORRESPONDENT FOR THE NEW YORK DAILY, IS ASSIGNED TO COVER FLASH NEWS FROM WAR TORN EUROPE.....



AT THE PARIS AIRPORT, CAREFULLY GUARDED BY NAZI TROOPS, A SMALL PASSENGER PLANE CARRYING AMERICAN REFUGEES TO ENGLAND PREPARES TO TAKE OFF.

SUDDENLY A SPEEDING CAR CRASHES THROUGH THE GATES. A POWERFUL AUTOMATIC POKES FROM THE WINDOW AND THE NAZIS FALL UNDER ITS STREAM OF LEAD.....

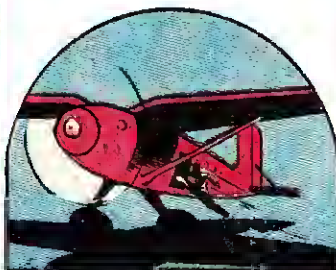
IN PARIS, ONCE GAY AND ALIVE WITH ROMANCE AND LAUGHTER, BUT NOW BROKEN AND DESTROYED BY A MAD DICTATOR, WHOSE LUST FOR CONQUEST HAS BROUGHT SUFFERING AND TORTURE TO NEARLY HALF THE WORLD, OUR STORY BEGINS.



JUMPING FROM THE CAR A
MAN RACES WILDLY TOWARDS
THE SPEEDING PLANE...



... AND JUST AS THE WHEELS
LIFT FROM THE GROUND, HE
LEAPS INTO THE CABIN...



WHEW! (PUFF)(PUFF)
O.K. BUDDY KEEP THIS
PLANE MOVING! AND
NO-ONE WILL GET
HURT!!

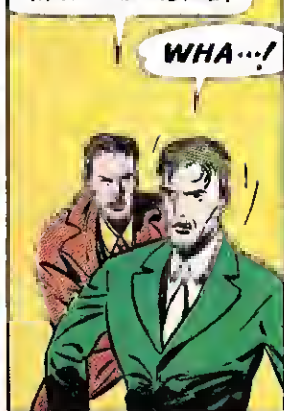


HEY-WHAT
IS THIS?

NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS -
I'VE GOT TO GET TO LONDON,
AND NOW THAT I'M THIS FAR
NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP
ME!!



NOTHING BUT ME!!
O.K., COWBOY, DROP
THAT CAP PISTOL!



WHA...!

WELL I'LL BE..! **LUCKY LANDERS!**
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE WE CLEANED
UP THE OLD PUG HARTZ GANG BACK
IN DEAR OLD BROOKLYN!

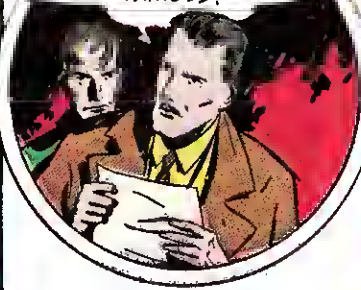
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE UP
TO YOUR OLD TRICKS
AGAIN, TEX! WHAT'S
ALL THE GUNPLAY
FOR?



I HAVE SOMETHING HERE THAT'S
MAKING THE DICTATORS TURN
GREEN WITH ENVY, AND
RIGHT NOW MY LIFE ISN'T
WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL!
HERE - TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!!



HOLY SMOKE! NO WONDER
THOSE GUYS ARE AFTER YOU! WHY
THIS IS A LIST OF ALL THE FIFTH
COLUMNISTS AND UNDERCOVER
MEN OPERATING IN THE UNITED
STATES! **WOW!** WHAT A STORY!
TEX, YOU'RE GOING TO BE
FAMOUS!



YEAH, AND WHAT D'YOU THINK!
IF I EVER GET OUT OF THIS
MESS ALIVE, I'M GOING TO
RETIRE!!

HA! HA! C'MON- BUCK
UP! THAT'S NOT THE
TRUE YANKEE SPIRIT!



WELL TEX, JUST THINK! IN SIX HOURS YOU'LL BE ON THE CLIPPER, HEADING BACK TO THE GOOD OLD U.S.A.

Y'KNOW LUCKY, I WONDER IF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE KNOW HOW FORTUNATE THEY REALLY ARE!

AN HOUR LATER, THE SMALL PLANE LANDS ON A BOMB-MARKED AIRFIELD.



YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT MY FRIENDS- YOU ARE BEING FOLLOWED! KEEP WALKING UNTIL WE TELL YOU TO STOP!

AH! IT'S A SHAME YOU AMERICANS MUST DIE SO YOUNG! BUT YOU WILL MEDDLE IN THE FUHRER'S PLANS! T' BAD!!

IT'S KIND OF TOUGH, LEAVING THE OLD WORLD SO SOON, EH TEX? REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS AT HARVARD ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM? WHAT WAS THAT PLAY THAT WORKED SO WELL? I THINK THE SIGNALS WERE 32-45-62- OH-OH! I GET YOU PAL- I GET YOU! LET'S GO!!

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TO MY HOTEL, WHERE I CAN KEEP MY EYE ON YOU UNTIL THE CLIPPER LEAVES!

HEY LUCKY! DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!!



OH! OH! LET'S GO TEX! HERE COMES THE REST OF THEIR OUTFIT!

HAILING A TAXICAB THE TWO AMERICANS SOON ESCAPE THEIR PURSUERS

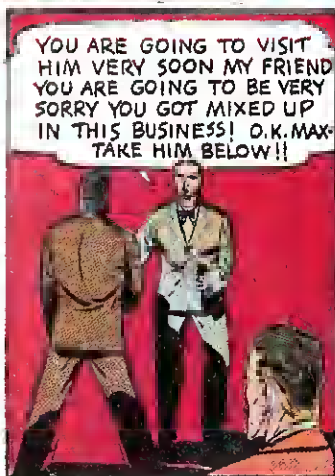
WOW! LOOKS LIKE THESE MUGS AREN'T TAKING NO FOR AN ANSWER! WHEN WE GET TO THE HOTEL I'M PUTTING YOU UNDER GAURD!

-HIKE!





AN HOUR LATER, WHEN LUCKY AWAKENS...



WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF
HERE, TEX, AND GET THOSE
PAPERS! I HAVE A PLAN, BUT
IT MAY BE VERY DANGEROUS!
I'M GOING TO SET FIRE TO
THIS ROOM!!



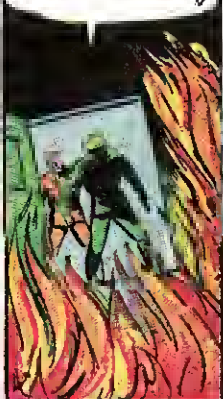
IGNITING
THE
STRAW-
COVERED
FLOOR,
A ROARING
BLAZE
SOON
FILLS
THE
ROOM-

O.K. TEX, STAND
BACK AGAINST
THE WALL! THIS
SMOKE WILL
SOON BRING
THOSE MUGS
A - RUNNING!!



RIGHT LUCKY,
BUT I HOPE....
LISTEN! HERE
THEY COME
NOW!

HEY, WHAT'S GOING
ON IN HERE? WHO
STARTED THIS FIRE?



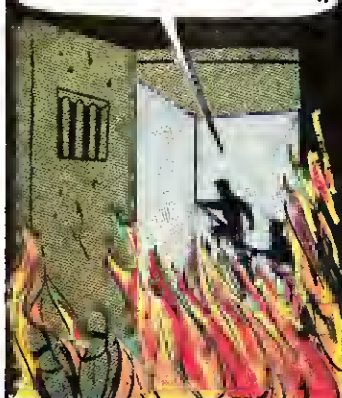
WHO DO YOU THINK !!
AND HERE'S A PRESENT
FOR YOUR BELOVED
FUEHRER, YOU RAT !!



AND THE SAME FOR YOU!
HA! HA! HOW ARE WE
DOING, LUCKY?



THAT'LL HOLD THEM! C'MON
TEX! WE GOTTA FIND THE
GUY WITH THOSE PAPERS!!

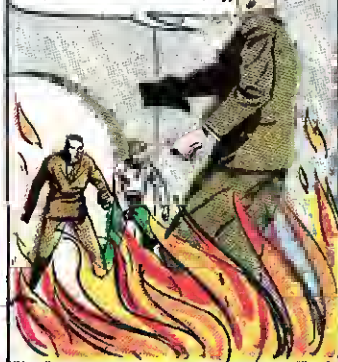


SOON THE ENTIRE BUILDING
IS A ROARING INFERNO.



SUDDENLY....

STOP! STAND WHERE
YOU ARE! YOU'LL NEVER
GET THESE PAPERS!
I'VE GOT A BOMB!!



YOU AMERICANS MUST THINK
I'M A FOOL! DO YOU THINK I
WILL LET YOU GET YOUR HANDS
ON THESE PAPERS? NEVER!
NEVER!! I'M GOING TO BLOW
US ALL TO KINGDOM COME!!



I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES ON THAT, YOU FIEND! I'M TAKING THOSE PAPERS!!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, LUCKY GRABS THE PAPERS FROM THE NAZI'S HAND, AND AT THE SAME TIME SENDS A CRUSHING BLOW INTO HIS FACE....



BUT EVEN AS HE FALLS, THE NAZI PULLS THE CAP FROM THE BOMB!!



WHEW! THAT WAS SOME EXPLOSION. I HOPE TEX IS ALRIGHT!!



UNHURT, LUCKY SEARCHES THE DEBRIS FOR HIS FRIEND, TEX



BOOM

THE FOLLOWING DAY IN THE UNITED STATES

FLASH! WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED AN ASTOUNDING NEWS BULLETIN FROM WASHINGTON! LUCKY LANDERS, A WAR CORRESPONDENT, AND TEX BAILY, HAVE CABLEGRAMMED A LIST OF NAMES THAT WILL SMASH FIFTH COLUMN ACTIVITIES IN THE UNITED STATES!!

SUN
FIFTH COLUMN EXPOSED IN U.S.A.
LUCKY LANDERS, WAR CORRESPONDENT, AND TEX BAILY, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, ACQUIRED RELIABLE EVIDENCE THAT WILL SMASH FIFTH COLUMN AND SABOTAGE IN AMERICA....

MEANWHILE, IN A LONDON HOSPITAL....

Y'KNOW LUCKY, I'VE BEEN THINKING THIS THING OVER! YOU SORTA NEED AN ASSISTANT OVER HERE, SO I'M APPLYING FOR THE JOB! THERES NO TELLING WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU, IF IT WASNT FOR MY BRAINS!!



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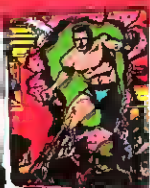
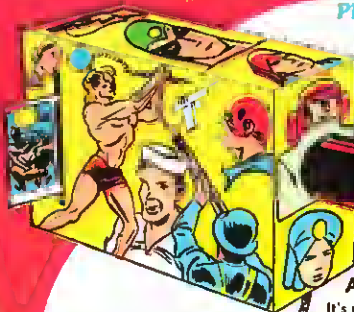
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